Our Bumper Christmas Number

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

No. 33. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1913. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) TWOPENCE

TAKING HOME THE BIRD.

Modern Life

No. 33. Week ending December 20. Twopence.

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8s. 8d.; for six months, 4s. 4d.; for three months, 2s. 2d. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS:—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). Humorous and topical sketches (line drawings) will also be considered. Stamped envelope should be enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

The King's Christmas.

King George intends to maintain the custom set by his father of keeping Christmas at Sandringham. It will be a great Christmas, too, for it will see the largest gathering of the Royal Family which has ever taken place in Norfolk. Not many people know, perhaps, why it is that in recent years Sandringham, and not Windsor, has been the scene of the Royal Yule. From the time of the Conqueror to that of Queen Victoria it was a custom rarely departed from to keep Christmas at Windsor. Norman kings, Tudor and Plantagenet kings, Stuarts and Hanoverians all clung tenaciously to Windsor as the scene of the Christmas revels. Poor King Charles I. was brought there to spend his last Yule five weeks before his judicial murder in Whitehall. The Georges all followed the time-honoured custom, and had it not been for the tenderness of Queen Victoria's memories of her husband there, the custom would have remained undisturbed to this day. But when the Prince Consort was dead, the Queen could not stay at Windsor for Christmas. The recollections conjured up the scenes of so many happy Christmases when her husband was in his prime, and her children were merry infants, were too much for the devoted Royal widow, and she invariably went off to the Isle of Wight with Princess Beatrice, her favourite child, and not for the last forty-two years of her life did she once spend Christmas at Windsor. As King Edward, when Prince of Wales, always spent Christmas at Sandringham with Queen Alexandra, that custom was maintained during the late reign, and King George holds his father's example in everything as sacred. Hence the Yule-ing of the Royalties in Norfolk.

* * *

Can English Titles be Bought?

A Yankee judge has just done a great service to the Royal Prerogative in this country, by making pert enquiries of an English knight as to the origin of his title. The knight in question happened to be a distinguished don of Cambridge, a savant, and a gentleman of the highest academic attainments, Sir Charles Waldstein, Litt. D., Ph.D., etc., etc. It happens that Sir Charles married an American lady, and as Lady Waldstein's father's will is in dispute, Sir Charles Waldstein found himself being cross-questioned by an American judge. And (just like an American) the judge could not refrain from rudely putting to Sir Charles Waldstein the question how he got his knighthood.

The judge wanted to know, and wasn't ashamed to ask, whether English titles were bought! Sir Charles Waldstein indignantly thrust the suggestion back upon the judge, and English aristocracy stands before the American public to-day as the one aristocracy in the world where titles cannot be purchased. This is a great boast for Britain, though at Home we think nothing of it. But we can well realise that in the land of the Boss, the log-roller, the Caucus, the jobber, and of Tammany Hall and universial Graft, it is almost impossible for it to be believed that titles are not bartered in Britain for fixed sums in hard cash!

* * *

Where Oscar Hammerstein was in Error.

There was, for instance, the frank pronouncement of the well-known Mr. Hammerstein. This gentleman, a New Yorker to the life, decided to make Englishmen lovers of opera. He spent a quarter of a million in the effort, and then gave it up as a bad job. Mr. Hammerstein had a fair field and no favour, yet when he finally shook the dust of England from off his feet he shouted from the deck of his steamer, at Liverpool, "If I had been an Englishman, I should have been made a Peer!" This statement gives a very good idea of the American attitude to the titles which all Yankees long for, with a yearning which not even the possession of dollars in millions can satisfy. Yet no impresario has ever received an English peerage. You may spend thousands upon the entertainment of Royalty at your theatre or music-hall, and not get a paltry knighthood for your pains! Mr. Alfred Butt, for instance!

* * *

English Titles for the Meritorious Only.

There *are* ways, of course, by which wealth does achieve titular honour in Britain! But there must be *merit* along with it. An Englishman may become a millionaire, but he cannot necessarily become a peer, or even a knight. But if he has become a millionaire without tarnishing his honour as a gentleman, he will get his title right enough, if he knows how to go about it. Not a Peerage, though. By no means. We could give the names of a dozen millionaires in Britain to-day, who would each disburse £250,000 if he could get an English coronet. But none of them have a ghost of a chance. A Baronetcy, even, would only be tardily given, and only when a lot of money had gone to a really deserving charity recognised by the King.

* * *

Sir Blundell Maple and Sir Thomas Lipton.

It cost Sir Blundell Maple £250,000 (all given to University College Hospital), to get his baronetcy, and many years as a Member of Parliament—and not a silent or useless one, either—as London's thousands of half-holidaying shop-assistants know. Sir Blundell bought "Common" for thirty odd thousand pounds to save the old Derby winner going out of the country; and his benevolence in other directions must have cost him another quarter of a million. But even the genial King Edward would not make him a Peer! There is still a grand old-fashioned notion in St. James's, that a coronet cannot fit the head of a tradesman. There is Sir Thomas Lipton, for instance. One of the best of fellows, the best millionaire who ever made a fortune in America, went broke, made another million, and then *paid all his past debts*! Surely there is no Englishman more eager for the chivalry and honour of his country than the man who, after so many knock-down blows upon the other side of the Silver Streak, is still spending fortunes in order to bring back that elusive American Cup. Yet Sir Thomas, according to the unwritten laws of the College of Arms, cannot be ennobled in Britain! He must be content with his simple baronetcy. He is "only a tradesman!"

* * *

A Good Man who had a Smear on his Escutcheon.

All of which is rank snobbery, if you like, but there is no denying that the principle upon which titles are dispensed in this country has its virtues. And you can't get a simple knighthood unless your papers are absolutely "in order." Your escutcheon, if you have got one, must be unsmirched. We could tell some funny stories about the rich folk who have tried hard for a title in this country, and spent a lot too, whose hopes have been damned by a long forgotten bill of sale, a blackballing at a smart club, a divorce affair, a rubber estate prospectus, a county-court judgment, or a son who eloped with an actress. Not to hurt the feelings of the living, we will only mention the case of the late George Herring. *There* was a good man

for you—one who never injured anybody, and did many a good turn for which he never got a "Thank you!" He made a million off his own bat, having started life by carving slices of beef in a city restaurant. Why was he never knighted? He had earned the honour! He gave away huge sums! But there was a little bastard boy to his credit, at Maidenhead, and so George Herring's knighthood never eventuated! He hadn't a "clean sheet!"

* * *

No Title for the Richest Englishman.

And then there was Pierpont Morgan, who left twenty million pounds, and over three millions in bequests! He was, too, an Englishman—not an American, as is so often supposed—yet he never was knighted. And Pierpont wanted it—badly! He was, too, a man of somewhat religious tendencies. But there were little things in "J. Pierp's" life-story which annulled the title-purchasing power of this man's countless hoard. How badly Pierpont Morgan yearned for distinction was shown when he accepted an Italian decoration which could be purchased by anyone for little more than a millionth part of "J. Pierp's" fortune. But in England he had to remain plain "Mr. Morgan."

* * *

Men who Refuse to be Ennobled.

As for Cecil Rhodes, creator of Rhodesia, he did not receive so much as the Victorian Order decoration from either of his Sovereigns; while William Marconi, on whose breast sparkle Orders from the Tsar, the King of Italy, the German Emperor, and other potentates, remains titularly unrecognised by the Monarch of Britain. Not, however, that such cases can be quoted to show the exclusive character of English titles. On the contrary, such men as Rhodes and Marconi are above the paltry distinction conferred by a "handle." Mr. Balfour and Joseph Chamberlain are in the same category. Andrew Carnegie could have had a title any time this last twenty years had he chosen. Mr. Chaplin might have worn a coronet for thirty years past if he had not been the grand man he is. So might Walter Long. And there are others. Some, we know, have repeatedly refused titular honour from the Sovereign. Not that there is any degradation in a title. Not, at any rate, in Britain. Sometimes it happens that a title has to be absolutely forced upon a man. Such a case was that of Lord Morley of Blackburn—the one-time famous John Morley—who had to go up to the Lords as Secretary for India, and to take a Peerage so that he might sit in the right house, though he didn't want it in the least.

* * *

The Leader Writer's Notions of "Greatness."

In this country, in nine cases in ten, a title, especially a knighthood, is undoubtedly a real recognition of merit from the Sovereign. When the New Year's honours come out in January, you will observe the littleness of the average daily-paper leader-writer in all its sweet simplicity. Amongst the lists of knights—I hear there are to be no new peers this year—you will note that the aforesaid "average leader-writer" ticks off an actor, an editor, and a playwright, cordially congratulates them upon their wonderful success, and dismisses the rest as "uninteresting" or "official." Note this on the first of January next. The aforesaid daily paper hack has never heard of half the distinguished men who figure in the honours lists, and greatness to him is only signified by big letters on a playbill!

* * *

The Man the Leader Writer Never Recognises.

But what are the facts? I hear that in the next honours lists there is to figure the name of Mr. Justice Beaman, of the Bombay High Court. You never heard his name? Of course not. He is not what the daily paper leader-writers would call an "interesting" subject for a title. But he has gone blind in the service of his country, and, still in the prime of life, hears cases from his judge's seat in Bombay every day, and does his whack of the day's work in the true Kipling vein. He is to become a Knight of the Order of the Indian Empire. Hundreds of other men who are to-day doing their country's work at the ends of the Empire will pass into the honours lists and out of them again without getting a line from the hacks of Fleet Street, who know no genius save that which is thrust before their eyes by means of the advertisements in the tube lifts, and on the tops of 'buses.

She: "What do you think of our scheme for Christmas decoration; holly leaves over laurel?"
He: "Well, I should rather prefer mistletoe over yew!"

The "Chronicle's" Idea of a "Popular" Knighthood.

When the excellent gentleman who wields the bâton at the Queen's Hall concerts became "Sir Henry Wood," we were informed that he had "done more to popularise classical music that any other living conductor," and lots of other fulsome stuff of the same kind. When "the man who feeds London," became "Sir Joseph Lyons," the papers positively slobbered over him in their ecstasy. Here, for instance, is how the *Daily Chronicle* gushed over Joe Lyons:—

"The most popular honour in the list. In the commercial world, among financiers, and to the Territorial force, it will be regarded as a well-merited mark of distinction, and among all classes it will be hailed as a fitting reward for a worthy citizen, a generous and wise benefactor of the poor, and an all-round 'good fellow.' The new knight is known as a sound and keen business man. Only a few have any idea of the splendid help that he has given to the Territorial movement, and to London charities of all creeds and kinds. Mr. Lyons is an artist, an author, and an excellent raconteur. His rapid rise to the position of eminence which he now holds is due as much to his own personality as to his natural talent for organisation, and large financial training. Mr. Lyons's success in life has been marked by extreme modesty, etc., etc."

Sir Joseph Lyons as the embodiment of "extreme modesty" is the edge! But the *Chronicle* will doubtless credit Sam Isaacs with "extreme modesty" when *he* is knighted!

* * *

Sir Starr Jameson and Sir George Alexander.

Another popular character who blossomed forth not long ago was "Dr. Jim," who developed into "Sir Starr Jameson." The papers, of course, marked him out as the one man of genius in the list. And when the chief player at the St. James's Theatre became "Sir George" Alexander—why, the papers could talk of nothing but Sir George's glorious career of triumph on the stage, and "the honour thus paid to the whole profession." But no such rapturous praise goes to the men who have earned their honours under the burning suns of India, or in the wilds of Fiji or the Bermudas.

We could mention a round score of gallant officers who have figured in the Indian and Colonial honours' lists who have rendered the most signal and self-sacrificing service to their countrymen in the out-of-the-way parts of the Empire, whose knighthoods have left the leader-writers totally uninspired. One, we know, was immolated for years on a dangerous north-west frontier pass, a hundred miles from any other white man, who, in a time of plague, courted sudden death every day for months and saved many a native's life. Yet, when his name appeared in the "dubbings" he passed unnoticed by every leader-writer in London! We shall probably have something caustic to say on the New Honours' List in a few days.

* * *

"Little Jack Horner."

Sir John Horner is, early next year, disposing of some outlying parts of his Somersetshire property, Mells Park, where Horners have lived for nearly four centuries. The Horners have always been good Liberals, and at the time of the Civil Wars, Sir John Horner (the head of the family is mostly John) was a strong Parliamentarian The Horners are one of those old lines who are whispered to have a mysterious skeleton in the family cupboard, but this is probably pure invention like the weird fable of the Lords Strathmore.

Mells is the plum which little Jack Horner of the nursery rhyme pulled out of the pie. The estate, once the property of the Abbey of Glastonbury, was acquired at the time of the Dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII.—a fact commemorated in the couplet—

"Windham, Horner, Popham, and Thynne,
When the Abbott went out, they came in."

Jack Horner, according to the story, was serving-boy to the Abbot of Glastonbury, who, thinking to propitiate Henry, sent him the title-deeds in a pie, which Jack opened meaning to taste, but instead pulled out the plum—Mells.

* * *

The Horners assert that they obtained their patrimony fairly by purchase, and proof of this may be seen at Mells in the shape of the title deeds showing that the estate was bought from the King for £2,000. But the nursery rhyme dates from the time of the Dissolution, and much meaning underlies some of these old verses. Few people have any idea that "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," refers to Mary Queen of England, and her adhesion to Roman Catholicism. Undoubtedly the rhyme about Jack Horner was based upon some sharp practice in connection with the Glastonbury Abbey lands. Possibly, the first Horner of Mells got his property at a tithe of its value, but the worthy country gentleman, who was for some years an able Commissioner of Woods and Forests, does not own all the estates of his ancestors, for a great part descended in the female line to the Earls of Ilchester.

* * *

Stately and Cold.

Lord Ancaster intends making Grimsthorpe Castle, Lincolnshire, his principal seat, and he has since succeeding his father spent much money on the place. It badly required repairing, and the noble owner has put in a number of modern improvements, including bath-rooms, the electric light, a system of central heating, and nurseries for his young family. The vast old pile used to be terribly cold in the winter, like Lambton Castle, Lord Durham's seat. The King and Queen no doubt found Lambton the last word in luxury, but the great Gothic structure built in the style of Edward III., in George III.'s reign, was not comfortable, according to that modern Pepys, the inimitable Creevey, who had much to say about the discomforts of household life at the Castle when it was brand-new.

Grimsthorpe was mostly built in Henry VIII.'s reign by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and in the park of two thousand acres is a herd of red deer dating from Tudor days. Lord Ancaster is paternally a Heathcote, of mercantile and aldermanic stock of the City of London, but he descends also from the Duke's widow, Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby, in her own right. To the intense annoyance of her niece, Queen Mary, the Duchess married Richard Bertie, a man of no fortune or position, and the couple found residence abroad desirable. They were robbed, and at one time so reduced that with their infant daughter they were compelled to seek refuge in a church porch. A son Peregrine (Peregrinus an exile) was born on the Continent, became Elizabeth's celebrated Captain Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and was ancestor of the Marquises of Cholmondeley and Lincolnshire, and the Earls of Abingdon, Ancaster, and Lindsey.

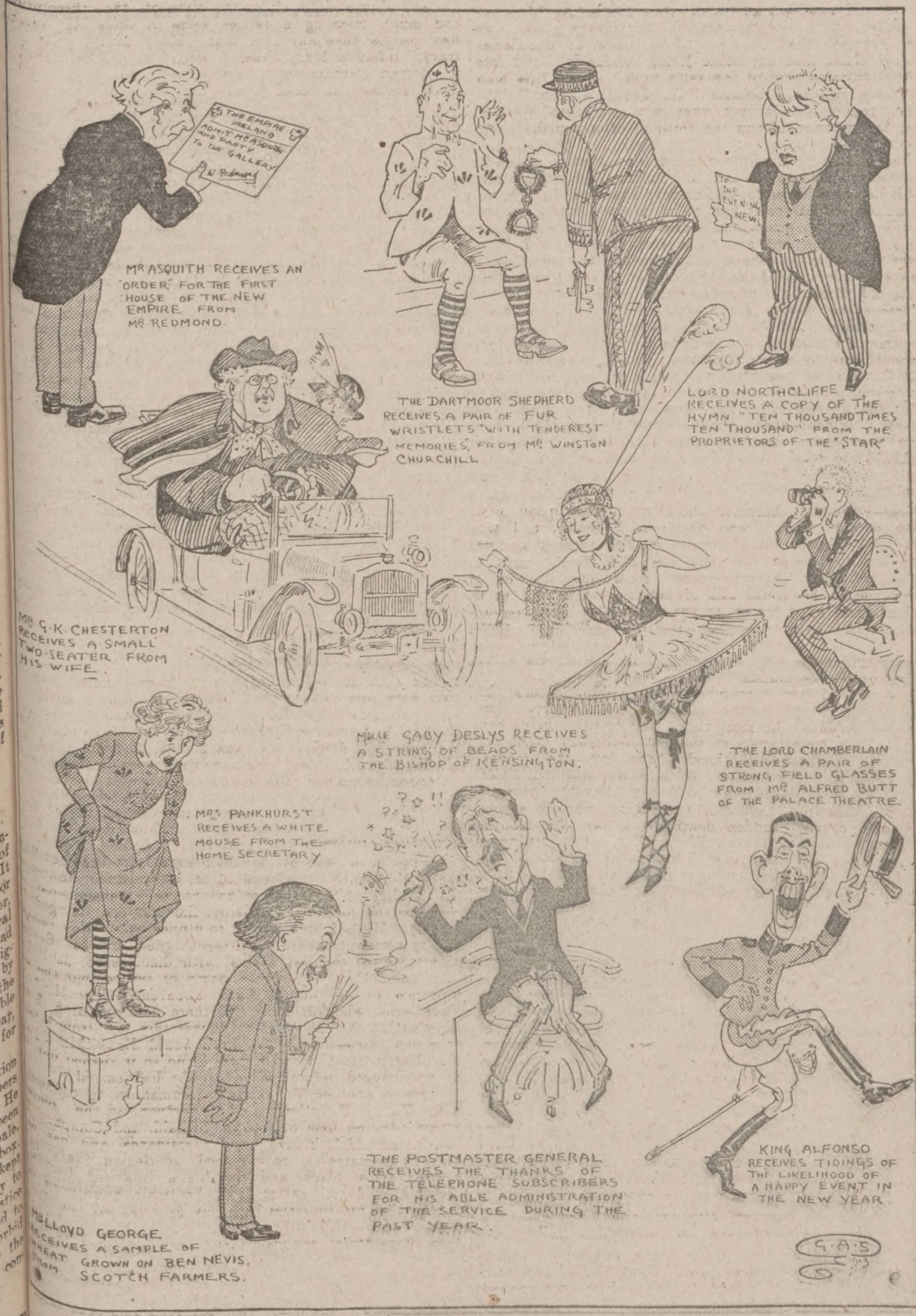
* * *

The Fatal Thirteenth.

People have been giving their experiences of the "unlucky thirteenth," but one of the strangest instances of the fatality of this number has not been remembered. It concerns the banker Fauntleroy, the last man hanged for forgery. He had been invited to dinner by a fellow banker, and by some mischance a thirteenth guest arrived. Several diners viewed the last arrival with displeasure, as it had been noted that they were a party of twelve, but the significance of the number was apparently unnoticed by Fauntleroy, who left early. If there were anything in the superstition that the first to deliberately rise from a table at which thirteen have sat down would die within a year, Fauntleroy was a doomed man. And so it turned out, for he was hanged before twelve months had passed!

There is another little-known circumstance in connection with Henry Fauntleroy, chief partner in the Berners Street banking firm of Marsh, Sibbald, and Company. He haunts an old-fashioned London residence, and has been seen by inmates—a middle-aged gentleman, very pale, dressed all in black, and clasping a japanned deed box, the chief evidence against him. Foolishly Fauntleroy kept a record of his forgeries (possibly he intended one day to make good his defalcations); anyway the hounds of justice from Bow Street found his box, and the contents led to his being hanged at Newgate, in the presence of a morbid crowd of thousands. But in an old fashioned house the banker still wanders clasping tightly the tin box containing the evidence of his guilt.

* * *

We shall respect the contents of the letter received from a titled lady, and follow her wishes.

THE EMPIRE IRELAND
ADMIT MR ASQUITH AND PARTY TO THE GALLERY
W. Redmond
MR ASQUITH RECEIVES AN "ORDER" FOR THE FIRST HOUSE OF THE NEW EMPIRE FROM MR REDMOND.
THE DARTMOOR SHEPHERD RECEIVES A PAIR OF FUR WRISTLETS "WITH TENDEREST MEMORIES" FROM MR WINSTON CHURCHILL
TO THE EVENING NEWS
LORD NORTHCLIFFE RECEIVES A COPY OF THE HYMN "TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND" FROM THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "STAR"
MR G.K. CHESTERTON RECEIVES A SMALL TWO-SEATER FROM HIS WIFE.
MLLE GABY DESLYS RECEIVES A STRING OF BEADS FROM THE BISHOP OF KENSINGTON.
THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN RECEIVES A PAIR OF STRONG FIELD GLASSES FROM MR ALFRED BUTT OF THE PALACE THEATRE.
MRS PANKHURST RECEIVES A WHITE MOUSE FROM THE HOME SECRETARY
THE POSTMASTER GENERAL RECEIVES THE THANKS OF THE TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS FOR HIS ABLE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SERVICE DURING THE PAST YEAR.
KING ALFONSO RECEIVES TIDINGS OF THE LIKELIHOOD OF A HAPPY EVENT IN THE NEW YEAR.
MR LLOYD GEORGE RECEIVES A SAMPLE OF WHEAT GROWN ON BEN NEVIS, FROM SCOTCH FARMERS.
G.A.S. '13

SOME ANTICIPATED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

On Sending Christmas Cards.

The prospect of being left once in a way without Christmas Cards is not altogether unacceptable. The average man would save quite a lot of money if the discontented postal employees *did* strike at Christmas, as threatened. He would be spared the necessity of sending expensive cards to all sorts of relatives and acquaintances whom he would prefer to forget, receiving in return a sheaf of printed greetings which are absolutely useless—often not even ornamental—and which have long ceased to be anything but a mere matter of form. I do not believe in people who only remember the existence of other people once a year. Besides, there is nothing personal about a Christmas card nowadays. There is none of that studying the personal likes and dislikes of the recipient which is, or ought to be, the soul of present-giving. In most cases you have a score or two of cards printed on a prosaic machine, you mechanically shove them into envelopes, stick on stamps, spend a few minutes scribbling names and addresses, and drop the missives into the nearest pillar box—and the deed is done. Not much sentiment about that! And there is little more sentiment about receiving cards from others. You know perfectly well—you have done the same thing in compiling your own list—that Jones or Smith has said, grudgingly, "I suppose I shall have to send a card to Brown. He sent me one last year." Then perhaps you have decided to leave out Jones and Smith, and when you receive cards from them you kick yourself and—if you are foolish—go out and buy New Year's cards for these individuals, who feel even more disgusted on receiving these belated remembrances than they did at the being ignored in the first place. The thing goes on and gathers size like a snowball year by year until there is far more toil than pleasure about the whole business. Thus very many people would be delighted if there was a strike and they could break the vicious chain once and for all.

* * *

Are Postal Employees Ill-Paid?

If a strike does come, though, the postal employees may be assured that they will not have the sympathy of the public. Average opinion is that postal officials are already receiving adequate pay for their services, compared, that is to say, with the money received by equally intelligent people in other walks of life. There is no terrific amount of intelligence required to distribute letters or to sell postage stamps. The routine office-work, also, cannot entail any greater strain upon the intellect than is required by the customary duties of a clerk or book-keeper in a mercantile establishment. There is nothing in any of the tasks the great bulk of the postal employees are called upon to fulfil that could not be learned by a man of ordinary intelligence in a couple of weeks. The ordinary man passes a precarious existence; he has no security of tenure; he may lose his billet at any moment through no fault of his own; he receives pay inferior to that received by a postal official of corresponding intelligence and importance in the scheme of things; he has no pension to look forward to. Why, then, should the ordinary man contribute out of his pittance to enable the wages of the postal official to be raised above the average level? Mind you, I do not contend for one moment that the postal official gets as much money as he would in an ideal state of society. My argument is that he is better off than his equals outside the service. The cost of living has risen for all of us; the post-office people are not the only victims. But until the rest of us have had our wages raised in correspondence with increased costs it is ridiculous to expect us to wax tearful over the wrongs of the postal officials, and it cannot be forgotten that it is we who have to pay these gentlemen.

* * *

"Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
(Shakespeare: *Macbeth, Act iii. Sc. 4).*

Beauty in the Shade.

Judging from the columns of the daily newspapers the all-absorbing question just now is not whether Ireland should be deprived of its Ulster, or any other little thing like that, but whether good looks imply inefficiency in the practical business of life. At least three journals are conducting a solemn inquest into this tremendous problem, with the assistance of their readers, and apparently no definite decision is going to be achieved. Indeed, with one accord, the enquirers into the matter are side-tracking the main issue, and substituting for it the question whether pretty girls are dangerous to their employers, or their employers' husbands, brothers, sons, or clerks, which, of course, is altogether another story. But in these days of eugenist propaganda it does seem curious that such a subject should be seriously debated, that is, if eugenics have had the faintest influence upon the public mind—which I doubt. It is merely a recrudescence of the old belief that a pretty girl never takes the trouble to be anything else but pretty, as she imagines she has done enough for the world by merely existing—and that, of course, is a slander put about by those who are not blessed by good looks. Experience, history, common-sense, ordinary observation all tell us that the pink colouring of a pretty cheek has absolutely no influence upon the "grey matter," which is the seat of all wisdom. That plain women with susceptible husbands should avoid pretty governesses and housemaids; that hard-bitten frumpy old City merchants should shun pretty typists; has nothing to do with the case. We are even told that there is a slump in masculine beauty, and that the silly girls and women who do so much to swell the heads of our leading actors are now giving the frozen mitt to the handsome hero and extending the glad hand

The latest Parisian fashion is the unlined Tulle costume for evening wear. Several leaders of Paris fashions have placed orders with their costumiers for gowns for Christmas Eve functions. No doubt the craze will cross the Channel.—(Daily Paper).

A Christmas EVE reception in Berkeley Square.

end eye, to the players of ugly, unattractive rôles—all of which is mere tarradiddle. The reason why the handsome actor is not so much run after nowadays is that the fair and frail have transferred their hero-worship to the aviator (horrible word). At the present moment, and for months past, the airman has been It. And I would not go so far as to say that it is not an acceptable change.

* * *

The White Slaver in the Picture Palaces.

We seem to be on the verge of another "White Slave" agitation, although we have scarcely yet recovered from a deluge of nauseous literature which would lead one to believe that unspeakable blackguards are about as common in the streets of London and other large towns as the leaves in Vallombrosa. In England the white-slave war-cry received its death-blow (pardon the mixture of metaphors) when it was taken up by the militant suffragettes as a particularly useful talking-point in their ridiculous sex-war. Then some sane people began to give us a few *facts*, and the scare promptly hid its diminished head. Even yet, however, picture "palaces" of the poorer class find "white slavery" very useful as a more or less legitimate means of introducing on the sheet films which would otherwise be considered extremely objectionable, and lurid advertisements of such pictures may be seen any day in the week outside kinemas in almost every main thoroughfare in London. It is, therefore, perhaps a fitting retribution that the recrudescence of the white-slavery scare should be connected with kinema houses, for, though the story hails from New York, it is pretty certain that the moral will very soon be applied to such places on this side of the Atlantic. The story goes that the white slaver's emissaries are carrying on extensive operations in the picture-houses, their mode of procedure being to drug their victims by injections with hypodermic syringes, the miscreants afterwards posing as relatives so as to get the insensible girls into their power. It is a very picturesque yarn, but like so many stories which emanate from the States, it requires a very large pinch of salt to make it go down. It is said that the Federal authorities regard it as "a well-organised scheme, carried out by a gang of unscrupulous men, who are the paid agents of the heads of the White-Slave traffic," but I am inclined to think it is a well-organised scheme carried out by people who are jealous of the popularity of the picture-houses. Anyhow, you know what to expect. Next time you go to a matinee at a theatre or a picture-house, and a lady behind stabs you in the back, don't believe her lame excuse that she was merely pinning her hat to the back of the seat in front of her with a deadly hat-pin, but just shriek for the police and have her arrested as a white-slaver. To a little episode such as this—not at all uncommon, by the way—may be traced the probable origin of New York's scare.

It is said that there are many women living who are capable architects. Why not? The sex are generally regarded as designing persons.

* * *

Voting for Wick Burghs took place in snow. Seems as though electors went to the Pole.

* * *

"Should ugly men be hanged?" asks the *London Budget*. We should like to have Mr. G. B. Shaw's opinions on the subject, also those of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Israel Zangwill.

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

The naive tribute of the miners' M.P. to the Queen has enabled some people to realise for the first time the wonderful work which Her Majesty has accomplished in fostering loyalty in the North.

* * *

Lord Durham was greatly amused at the patronising and rather grudging parenthesis in which his amiable efforts on the occasion of the Royal visit to the aged miners' homes were referred to.

* * *

The people in the South of England, who have come to take Royalty as a matter of course, have no conception of the vehement demonstrations of affection of which their Majesties are the objects north of the Trent.

* *

On a recent visit in the North the King made a personal and very strong protest against the rough way in which the police handled his most loyal subjects.

* *

Are there any cemeteries in the London area opposite the gates of which the "Never Say Die" poster has *not* been stuck up?

* *

A cinematograph film is now being shown of "The Life of Carpentier," in which he poses as a hero at fire-fighting, strike-breaking, boxing, and in love Harry Thaw's life has also been filmed, and he, in a similar manner, and he appears as an Admirable Crichton.

* *

This is promising, and we hope to see soon a photographic reproduction of some of the noble deeds in Harry Lauder's life, such as as the giving of the halfpenny to the blind man in January, 1910, and the memorable occasion of his singing to Mr. Lloyd George for nothing.

* * *

The latest fashion craze is fur; night-dresses must now be fur-edged, stockings, we are told, claim the same privilege, and even knickers, as a lady's periodical unblushingly announces, must have their edging of fur. Which reminds us of the old proverb: "The higher you go, the *fur*ther."

* * *

The Philharmonic Hall has made an innovation with regard to stage settings for musical performances, and "the stage will be illuminated with red, white, or blue hues," in order to give the correct colour and mood effect for each number. Patriotic songs, we presume, will be sung under a bath of combined red, white, and blue lights; the Tango will be danced under a blood-red glare, and a tartan effect will be attempted for Futurist music.

Miss Cleopatra Crescher, a snake-charmer, in a law-suit, admitted that snakes were dull of intellect. But we have heard of one that "did the dirty" on us all by means of a little apple.

* * *

"Welcome Home" chirrupped the *Suffragette* placards on Mrs. Pankhurst's return to England. "No, after all," murmured Mrs. Pankhurst, as she looked lovingly around her cell, "there's no place like home."

* * *

What were the exact words used by Jim Driscoll in his pyrotechnic monologue with Bombardier Wells after Monday's tragedy? In what language he was speaking, and if it did not sound like Welsh?

* * *

Why the Bombardier does not visit a hypnotic specialist?

* *

If our boxers, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests, do not require more of the fighting spirit and less of the dilettante sparring?

* *

Why has the *Daily Mail* so many advertisements for "Plain Cooks"? Would not pretty ones satisfy them quite as well?

* *

What is the meaning of the heading "Algernon on the Streets" in the *Observer*?

* *

If the Frenchman who translated Colley Cibber's play - title "Love's Last Shift" as "La Dernière Chemise d'Amour" is not a humorist?

* *

What new yarns has Dr. Cook, the explorer, up his two sleeves for the poor gullible Englishman when he starts on his music-hall tour here? What sort of a reception will he get, and had he not better think again and act upon the suggestion conveyed in his Eskimo servant's name, "E-tuk-is-hook?"

* *

Another vindictive police prosecution. At a "massage" establishment detectives discovered a "punishment room," a torture couch, some knotted whips, three pairs of handcuffs, and a black mask, and yet the poor proprietress has been charged with keeping a house of pleasure.

* * *

What will be the next development of the fantastic footwear which now prevails in the feminine world? The Tango has had wonderful influence on dress, both for men and women, but the very utmost limit is that women are now asking for "socks"—fancy stockings are not enough. These are to be worn over fleshings—the tights of the stage—so that the little miss can look as though she has bare knees and she hasn't at the same time.

* * *

If the latest freak of the "Futurist" crowd who frequent the Café Royal is to get *shaved?*

* * *

Is it true that the Rev. A. J. Waldron has been commissioned to write a new sketch for the Palace, entitled "Should Gaby Split"?

EXPLICIT.

"And were there many other little girls and boys at the party, Elsie?"

"Oh, yes, Auntie, heaps! So many I don't believe a GIANT could have counted them all!"

"I never send letters to ladies," said a smart man about town, "it's safest to send telegrams—they are of no account after three months."

* * *

Somebody has just made the startling discovery that the Archbishop of York once wrote a novel?

* * *

If Vedrennes, the aviator, took French leave, when he flew over Germany without asking permittion?

* * *

The name of the wealthy brewer, who sent the ruby-studded thimble to the pretty actress, and if he seriously supposes that she ever uses such a thing?

* * *

If a certain Countess is at present regretting the fact that she is the only woman in London who uses a particular blend of Oriental perfume?

* * *

If it was not most unfortunate that some of the latter should have found its way on to the pair of mauve silk socks which she sent as a present to her youthful admirer?

* * *

And if her husband is inclined to put more trust in the evidence of his nasal organ than in the authenticity of her assertions?

* * *

If it is a fact that Mlle. Gaby Deslys spends £14,000 a year on dress, and if so, how much does she spends on un-dress?

* * *

If the poet who has just expressed the opinion that "Vermilion" is the most beautiful word in the English language was referring especially to the last two syllables?

* * *

How much Lady Warwick receives per week for editing the woman's page of *The Daily Sketch*, and how long she is likely to keep up a personal supervision?

* * *

The name of the other titled woman who has just become part-editor of a woman's monthly, and why *she* is not at all anxious that her name should be publicly associated with the journal in question?

* * *

If there is to be another musical comedy ball at Prince's early in January?

* * *

If the Yankee who has just made a corner in eggs has done so with a view to raking in a fortune at some forthcoming election?

* * *

The truth about the latest army scandal?

* * *

If the overdose of strychnine was really a "mistake," and why no account of it has found its way into the newspapers?

* * *

The name of the Park Lane hostess who lost her garter at an "at home," and why she was so angry when her five-year-old daughter retrieved it in the presence of the distinguished male guest?

* * *

Why the youngest son of a certain baronet was not permitted to put in an appearance at the Tango tea to which he had been invited by the Countess?

* * *

If he was kept at home as a punishment for putting whiskey into the lemonade of the prominent temperance reformer when the latter paid a visit to the house in Portman Square?

* * *

The identity of the lady who caused such a sensation at the Queen's Rink by skating in black satin trousers?

* * *

If the latest canine pet is the "blue pug"?

* * *

If the modish "Trilby," which Father Vaughan has just adopted, is not a decided improvement on the usual clerical "mush"?

* * *

If public school "fags" will now become obsolete since the Headmaster of Harrow has forbidden smoking?

* * *

If the young blood who sent round to the stage door of the Alhambra a note, written on the back of a five pound-note, has seen any change yet?

* * *

If a certain Earl's son has just been pensioned off on five pounds ten a week, and how he will manage to keep up his flat in Piccadilly?

* * *

If the King Egbert penny which has just been sold for £100 is anything to compare with Mr. Sievier's £2,600 farthing?

* * *

The name of the Principal Boy who is so closely guarded by a very stout and forbidding matron, and why she always introduces the latter as "Auntie"?

* * *

If the troupe of dwarfs who were appearing at the London Opera House some little time ago, felt particularly small when they found themselves dismissed at a moment's notice?

* * *

The name of the ambitious gentleman who has had a quantity of "letters of thanks" printed in readiness to send off in reply to the congratulations of his friends on his accession to the anticipated New Year baronetcy, and if it is really wise to count one's chickens before they are hatched?

* * *

If the niece of a famous revivalist is about to go on the music hall stage?

* * *

How it is that the bishops have missed Mme. Sahary Djeli's performance in "Narkiss" at Covent Garden, and if they might not find a good deal to cavil at in the new ballet?

* * *

If a certain society woman is inordinately proud of being the possessor of very small feet, and if the fact that she can wear twos in shoes, is due to a daring operation which she had performed some years ago for the sole purpose of reducing their size?

"Tell the ladies and gentlemen about your little sister, whose tail curled up so tightly it lifted her hind legs off the ground."

MODERN LIFE IN PARIS.

In this column, week by week, it will be my duty and pleasure to tell you all about modern life in Paris. I shall endeavour to acquaint you with the goings-on in the *Ville Lumière*, so that when next you visit the Gay City, alone or in company, with your husband or your good wife, as the case may be, with your brother, your sister, or—never mind—I won't tell—you will be up-to-date and feel quite at home on the boulevards. *C'est entendu!*

* * *

Marianne's Troubles.

Marianne—what? Who the———is Marianne? Well, well, Marianne is the pet name we give here to the French Republic; and so Marianne was in trouble last week: she had no Cabinet. I do not mean a *cabinet de toilette*—but a Ministry. Her Premier, Louis Barthon, and his colleagues, did not agree with the Chamber of Deputies on the question of Consols. Personally—I confess, I am not interested in Consols; an intellectual proletarian, like myself, has other matters of more vital importance to think about. However, the result was that the Cabinet resigned. But what gay men—and fine philosophers—French politicians are! Do you imagine that the ex-Ministers went home and moped and mourned the loss of office? Not a bit. They foregathered and actually made a night of it! They neither wept nor lamented—when they remembered the flesh-pots of the Ministerial table, but by the dainty dishes and the sparkling wines of a fashionable restaurant they sat and—made merry, like so many boys let loose from school and enjoying a real holiday! They felt jolly and happy, for, like Cæsar, they had fallen with dignity! Poincaré at once addressed himself to several Cabinet makers, entrusting them with the delicate task of furnishing Marianne's Chamber with a new Cabinet, but many failed in their endeavour. Joseph Caillaux and Aristide Briand, ex-Socialist and ex-Prime Minister, had a nice little quarrel—and their respective enemies enjoyed it. The Tiger grinned. The Tiger, you must know, is M Clemenceau, former Prime Minister, Cabinet maker and Cabinet destroyer *par excellence*. Joseph Caillaux has many enemies, not so much on account of his political opinions, but because of his constant habit of putting his thumbs into his waistcoat, a sure sign, so his enemies maintain, of a dictatorial policy. They call him "Louis XIV. sans perruque." For a moment people thought that the Tiger himself would go to the War Office! I should indeed have liked to see him there! But no—he still remains simple Senator and editor of *L'homme libre*. One statesman is supposed to have declared that he would accept only the portfolio of Commerce. His reason was as solid as it was simple. The Ministry of Commerce is situated in the Rue de Grenelle—and his good wife was of opinion that the Rue de Grenelle was more convenient for her shopping than any other part of the City! But now the trouble is over. Marianne has a new Cabinet—with M. Doumergue as Premier! Long may they last!

* * *

Down with the Hatpin.

Politics, however, no doubt bore you! You have enough of your own troubles at home without worrying about those of your neighbours. What with Ulster and the burning question of the Suffragettes (or the question of the burning Suffragettes, *c'est comme vous voulez*), you are sick of politics. Let us, therefore, talk of something else—hat-pins, for instance. M. Hennion, the Prefect of Police, is a very energetic man—and, moreover, he seems to take to heart the sufferings of his fellow-citizens. "Mes dames," he said to the fashionable Parisiennes, "your hat-pins are not only a public nuisance but a real danger. It is true, you have been availing yourselves of the sharp points of your hat-pins of gigantic length in order to keep the males at a respectable distance from your charming persons—but it is now high time for you to find other weapons and to devise new means by which to protect yourselves. On the 20th inst., therefore, the hat-pin must disappear—or at least its sharp point be hidden under a *protegè-pointe!* Parisians will now be able to travel safely in trams, omnibuses, and the crowded Métropolitan, or underground; they will be able to stand or sit close to a fair Parisienne without running the risk of bodily injury. M. Hennion, I take off my hat to you!

* * *

The Slit Skirt.

Talking of hat-pins, and the many dangers to which the frail and feeble male sex is constantly being exposed, owing to the eccentricities of ever-varying, fickle Dame Fashion, I cannot help thinking of the slit skirt. The other day I sat on the terrace of a café, absent-mindedly watching the fair passers-by. My gaze travelled pavementwards—and lo! What did I behold? Shapely ankles? Well-formed legs? *Vous n'y êtes pas, mes enfants!* The skirt is slit, but, alas! the Charles IX., la Vallières and Richelieu shoes, the open-worked or perforated stockings, have disappeared. Fair Parisiennes have taken to wearing gaiters, buttoned up somewhere, high up in the vicinity of the knee, at least, so I imagine. Voilà—the slit skirt has lost its mystic and mysterious fascination. How subtle feminine revenge can be, to be sure! Wounded in my innermost æsthetic nature, I looked up—and again I noticed an innovation which did not please me. The beautiful shapely ears are all hidden à la Cléo de Merode in times bygone! And thus the temptation to whisper sweet nothings into the ear of a fair one no longer exists—in Paris, at least! The white neck, however, of the dashing Parisienne remains uncovered—a fact which offers some consolation, anyhow.

* * *

Sic Transit Gloria Tangi (or Tango?—Latinists to my Rescue!).

The slit skirt will no doubt disappear entirely. I beg your pardon, I am afraid that I am expressing myself rather clumsily. What I mean to say is that the fashion of wearing a slit skirt will soon become obsolete, for the Tango itself is about to be relegated to the lumber-room of fashions of a past age. The Tango, which William Cæsar II tabooed, and which, as I am informed, our own King George does not favour, *has* lived! If you are anxious to dance it, *mes amies, or mes amis*, come over as quickly as you can, for next season Paris will be *waltzing* or *quadrilling* as in the good old days. There is some hope, however, that soon a new dance will take the place of the much-admired and much-abused Tango. It is called *La Rallonge. Le Tango est mort, vive La Rallonge.*

* * *

English as She is Spoke—Policeman Isaacs.

Ever since the *Entente Cordiale* Paris is doing its best to show its appreciation of everything English. On the restaurant *menus*, and in shop windows your eye will frequently meet such words as: *tea, cake, mutton-chops, beautiful, select, etc.* The other day I noticed in a boot-maker's window the following inscription: *Modernss Ressemelages!* This reminds me of a paragraph in a weekly French paper, in which the Lord Chief Justice of England was described as: *Sir Isaacs, le chef de la police anglaise.* Policeman Isaacs is rather good!

* * *

Versatile Pressmen.

You have no doubt been to see the new play at the Garrick! I hear that "Who's the Lady" is a draw, and I wonder what the English adaptor did to the petticoat scene so as not to shock the susceptibility of the Censor. I am sure it cannot be as naughty as in the original French play. But we, here, are now enjoying, at the Palais Royal, a new play by Messrs. Tristan Bernard and others, entitled "Les deux Canards." Le Gallo is the editor of two papers, of diametrically opposed views. Whatever he ardently advocates in one paper, he most vehemently attacks in the other. Rather a neat and clever way of advocating both journals. The idea is neither new nor extraordinary. There are plenty of journalists in Paris and elsewhere who are compelled to write at once for various papers of different shades and opinions. I am, moreover, told that even in Fleet Street there *may* be found men who simultaneously write for a Conservative *and* a Liberal paper. The play, however, of Messrs. Tristan Bernard and others is exceedingly amusing—screamingly funny—and is being admirably interpreted.

ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

It is high time a censorship for books, written by those who have been closely connected with the Court, should be established, for the volume recently published by a veteran courtier contains at least one passage in which loyalty to the late Sovereign is expressed in terms that cannot be pleasing to the present one, and written, moreover, in apparent forgetfulness of the fact that there can only be one queen at a time.

* * *

The Marquis de Soveral is rapidly gaining an intimacy with the King and Queen almost as great as that which he enjoyed with King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Probably he alone among the little circle of Court favourites of the last reign can reply in the affirmative to "Max's" imperative question, "Are we as welcome as ever?"

* *

The position of the Portuguese Minister at the Court of St. James's is one of the least pleasant in the world of diplomacy, for as M. de Soveral is bidden to every society function of importance, and the presence of the loyalists' Minister precludes the presence of the Republic's representative, the latter has to content himself with giving luncheon parties at the Ritz, at which nobody who is anybody is ever present.

* *

The Marquis first entered upon diplomatic duties in 1885, and soon became the intimate friend and constant associate of King Edward, and if he were not too discreet he could write the best possible book of reminiscences of the last quarter of a century in English Court circles. A faithful and impartial critic of men and things, he has hosts of friends, and is the best of raconteurs. The Marquis is a dapper, dandified little man, but what he lacks in size he makes up for in courage, for he is something of a fire-eater, and once a remark he did not like was quickly followed by a challenge to the speaker to a duel, which, however, did not take place.

* * *

The report that there would be theatricals at Chatsworth last week during the Royal visit, raised faint but subtile hopes in the breasts of a few amateur mummers, who some years ago sunned themselves for a brief period in Royal and ducal smiles on the strength of their prowess at the Theatre Royal, Chatsworth.

* * *

The printed indiscretions of one of the most talented of them about the Chatsworth pantomimes, banished him into an obscurity from which, even if there should be acting at "the Palace of the Peak" once more, he is unlikely to emerge.

The conceit of these mummers was intolerable, and not a few of their acquaintances have derived much satisfaction from the knowledge that pride has had a fall. They arrogated to themselves a position to which they were not entitled, either by position, education, or manners, and had the impertinence to look down upon people infinitely superior to themselves.

* * *

Though really invited because of their cleverness as amateurs and general usefulness in the getting up of theatricals, they had the assurance to class themselves with very distinguished members of the house parties, and to refer to persons of high rank by their Christian names—to give the impression that they were on terms of the greatest intimacy with them, which was very far indeed from being the case.

* *

Society in search of a new sensation has found it at Hendon, where Mr. Hucks loops the loop, and two youthful Countesses, both very attractive, who have constituted themselves the leaders of the society "nuts," are now as keen about airmen as any suburban "flapper." With a retinue of faithful followers they are to be seen at the Aerodrome on on every flying day, though both, it would be imagined, might be better employed at home looking after their respective little son and heir.

* *

Congratulations to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for that little "exclusive" *re* the ridiculous £500 a side tennis match between F. E. Smith and the Duke. As for denials—well, to err is human, to deny benign—for one's party.

* * *

A sensational divorce case is about to burst upon us, one that will be connected with some of the highest names in the land. For the past few weeks great efforts have been made to avoid a scandal that would drag in many important personages, but owing to the obduracy of one of the parties, all outside interference has been unsuccessful.

* * *

What would "papa" think of his son, the promising youth of the family, who whispered in the waitress's ear in a West End restaurant, "If you see me with an old gentleman with a white moustache and a blue overcoat, don't ask me if I want anything to drink at lunch time. He doesn't mind in the evening, but at lunch——! You are a sport, aren't you?" And she smiled into his eyes as she said she was.

FELINE SWEETNESS.

He: "His fiancée is on speaking terms with the best people."
She: "A telephone girl, probably."

We wouldn't mind being awkward enough to fall into a good thing.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Fatal Race for Work, says a headline. So we should think.

* * *

"Christmas Revue," says a headline. With waits between the scenes?

* * *

"Christmas Puddings in the making," is a newspaper caption. *What* a stirring *event!*

* * *

"Bridge IV. held by Sentry at Lingfield." Modern edition of Horatio holding the Bridge.

* * *

A natural history writer informs us that ravens, like rooks, have games of their own. Croakey?

* * *

The Molesey Council seek to increase the riverside attractions. More Up-Thames "Flappers?"

* * *

"Dots for Poor Girls," is a *Daily News* caption. Well, it is time some one put a period to their poverty.

* * *

An ignoramus asks whether pen painting is the latest method of applying the rouge. He deserves scratching.

* * *

Louis Meyer has issued a Proclamation on the merits of "hir. Wu." Was ever public in this humour Wu-ed?

* * *

There is a royal proclamation against rifles for the Ulster "Army." Is there a chance of headquarters o' bayonet?

* * *

The driver of an express has been killed as the result of a railway sandwich. In other words, on account of the unexpected meat in.

* * *

"Lying in front of a 'bus"—newspaper headline. That's nothing. Some would do it in front of a heavenly chariot full of angels.

* * *

Colonel Malcolm and party are shooting wild duck at Poltalloch, and sport has been good. Wild ducks are Ibsenminded beggars.

* * *

"Buy your house on the flying-system," advises the *Daily Graphic*. A lot of people rent them on this principle—here to-day and flit to-morrow, so to speak.

* * *

Your own photograph on your own lampshade. That is the newest idea. Yes—m! But in upright pose a man would be standing in his own light.

* * *

A new phase of the Suffrage-war has been entered upon by the "army" whose duty it is to serenade objects of their vengeance. More squalls ahead!

* * *

"If the Government have anything to propose, let them put it in black and white," insists Sir Edward Carson. But perhaps they don't feel ink-lined.

* * *

"Shower of 'Flash' Bank Notes." This kind of cheat lightning, also, is invariably followed by the thunder—of expletives from the man who has been struck.

* * *

We are told by the *Daily Telegraph* that at the superb Picture Ball at the Albert Hall the visitors poured in directly the doors were opened. Then it started reigning monarchs.

* * *

Welsh miners, in sympathy with the Llanelly strikers, had an argument with a "blackleg" driver. The dispute raged on the footplate of the engine and, naturally, was hot while it lasted.

* * *

"When the King of Spain arrived in London, he was wearing a brown overcoat, a trilby hat, and a soft collar." Nothing is said of his nether garments. One almost pants for information.

* * *

The Eugenics educationists discover that it is the male who must be affected by the kind of nutrition given. The female is to be exempt. This looks like expecting good results from malenutrition.

Charles To-and-Fromman lays it down that American theatre-goers prefer "Peter Pan" tomime to the stereotyped goods. And a Peter without a Pauline Chase, too.

* * *

Bean père, Bean mère, and Bean fille were injured in a motor-car smash. The Beans were appeased by substantial damages, and now they can look back upon the expedition as a regular beano.

* * *

The regular soldier is infinitely preferable to the "Nut," writes an army man's grand-daughter. Soldiers, however, are occasionally not far removed from nuts. They sometimes belong to crack regiments.

* * *

Judicial and legal humorists have been in high feather over the pheasant. You can't make too much game of the bird, perhaps, but, od rabbit it, there has been enough sauce bred about the matter.

* * *

The famous Peeress of the Press takes objection to lady clerks and typists for not walking home from the office and drawing good deep breaths. What they most want is the chance of drawing a living wage.

* * *

Jacobus Martin van Marle and the Baron F. F. von Schrader are half-owners of the hurdle-racehorse, Cape Florizel. Should they succeed in getting both halves to run together it should be a good compo-sight.

* * *

We are informed by a halfpenny pictorial that button-holeing is a lost art. Now we can walk about in comfort. The long-winded bore will no longer bear down upon us and clutch us by the lapels of our coat.

* * *

A Sunday paper directs attention to the "gigantic problem of choosing the right Christmas gifts." We don't choose them—we take them as they come, cigars and neckties consigned in a feminine hand being closely scrutinised.

* * *

A Forest Gate baby is to be the *pièce de résistance* at a Mitcham school for training girls in domestic science. The doll previously used for demonstration purposes lost its complexion and an eye, so that it is a bad look-out for baby.

* * *

A painter, who was "stony," sought assistance at Scotland Yard. Acting up to their reputation for benevolence, the authorities there helped him on to Doncaster, where he was "wanted" for theft at Leeds. They didn't "let go the painter."

* * *

The Duchess of Somerset, in a speech on barbarous millinery, said: "It is a Christian duty to alleviate suffering among animals and birds." In making the statement, she has possibly overlooked the fact that she is deliberately putting a feather in her own cap.

* * *

Found in the Foyer of the Strand Theatre:—

Wu-wu Chinaman, I'm in melly mood,
Matty Lang—go with bang—welly, welly good!
No-ee croak, Meyer joke; he come out on top,
Wu-wu Chinaman—Cop—Cop—Cop!

* * *

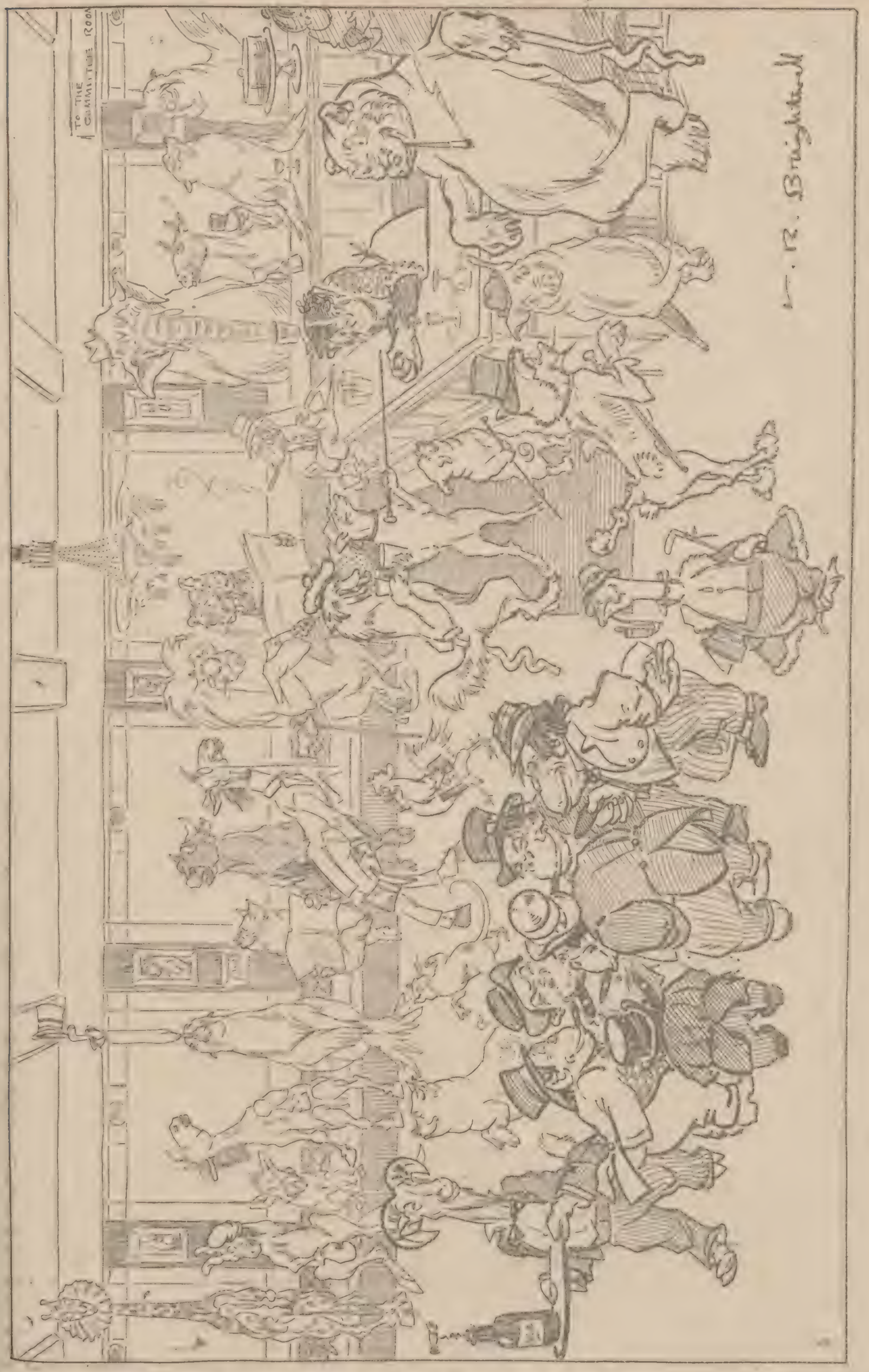
A constable told the Clerkenwell magistrate that he knew a prisoner was drunk because "he staggered, and his eyes were diluted." If the gentleman had followed the injunction of the old song: "Drink to me only with thine eyes," he would probably not have found himself in the dock.

* * *

A child has been discovered at Birmingham who has an "uncontrollable impulse to do things backwards," owing to the fact that her heart is on the right side of the body. It must be frightfully awkward when she wants to sit down—but then even people with their hearts in the right place sit down backward.

* * *

Lord Headley, who was recently converted to the Mohammedan faith, has adopted the Moslem name of Saifurrahman Shaikh Rahmahillah Faroog. What a sober-minded religion it must be.



ing to the increasing number of animals which are figuring on the stage, it has been found necessary to form an imals' Branch of the Variety Artistes' Federation. Our artist has depicted a scene in one of the most frequented oms of the club. Most of the prominent members are present, a notable exception being the President, the camel which appears at His Majesty's Theatre.

THE VISITING ANGEL.

Dick Winter surveyed his handiwork proudly.

"How does it look?" he asked.

"Like nothing on earth, sonny," replied his friend, Leslie Fielding, gazing at the bunches of holly and mistletoe bedecking the room.

The morrow would be Christmas Day; and the young men were transforming the drabness of their abode into a gaiety more in keeping with the time o' year; besides, it was here they would dine on the following day, and the print of a rosy-cheeked Mary Queen of Scots, clad in a green dressing gown, being eyed in a business-like manner by a masked gentleman with an ominous squint and a gigantic cleaver, was not calculated to aid digestion; and they accordingly veiled this masterpiece from view with festoons of green stuff. As a further concession to taste, their landlady's relatives were removed from the wall and put under the coal-scuttle; and a superciliously contemptuous china cat, whose face reminded one of an immaculate bishop, was garlanded with holly leaves.

After Winter had rendered the applause of silence, which is due to any achievement in art, he turned to his friend again and said:

"Well, I think that'll do. Not bad, eh? We'd better go round now, and see the caterers and get everything arranged; besides, we've to get Maxwell's Medoc superieur. By George! he's an expensive beggar to feed."

"He is," agreed Fielding. "And now, where's Mrs. Binks?"

But wait a moment, you haven't been introduced yet.

Behold them, then, two struggling young free-lance journalists, existing—and only that—on the earnings of their pens.

I am sorry that I cannot truthfully tell you they were geniuses; but Fielding especially was no fool. In fact, he was an extremely talented young man; but a Poet. I know, of course, that hypercritical readers will cavil at the distinction of poet and fool; but, hang it all!—it's Christmas time. Let's be charitable.

Devoid of filthy lucre though they generally were, the young men had invited to dinner on Christmas Day a few of their friends, and by divers means, which it were unkind to pry into, they had become joint possessors of a ten-pound note. This they meant to spend on the dinner, and in the interim had intrusted it to the keeping of their landlady, lest, in a case of dire temptation, the sight of so much wealth should befuddle their brains. But the time had now come for the lady who did for them to stand and deliver. Therefore:

"Where's Mrs. Binks?" asked Fielding.

"I don't know,—why? Oh, yes; she's gone to stay with some friends over the holiday week," answered the other, nonchalantly. "You remember she told us."

"Gone! Good heavens! Did you get the money?"

"Money?—what money? Lord, no!"

"Oh, you ass! you silly, silly ass!"

"Phew!" Winter stared wildly at his friend. "Where does she keep it?"

"In the safe, of course."

"Perhaps she hasn't taken the keys?"

"Perhaps she hasn't—of course she has, you ass! We may have pleasant countenances, but——"

"O lor! Why on earth didn't she give us the confounded money?"

"Why on earth didn't you ask her for it?"

Together they hurried upstairs to where the safe was kept. It was not a large one, but it looked exceedingly strong, and it was, of course, locked. Getting down on his knees, Winter placed one eye to the keyhole. What he saw (if anything) seemed to dissatisfy him, for he took from his pocket a pen-knife, with which he viciously probed the works of the safe. As was only to be expected, the blade broke off, and, again, as was only to be expected, Winter swore.

"I'm curious, Dick," said Fielding; "What are you trying to do?"

Winter answered not; but again placed one of his eyes to the keyhole, shutting the other for effect. But the safe was not susceptible; and nothing happened. They then ransacked the house for keys; and found about fifty; with most of which they tried to open the safe. But the safe was obdurate, and Winter's scanty patience gave out.

"Good heavens!" he cried; "can you think of nothing to open this bally thing?"

"I can," said Fielding. "But it's hardly feasible."

"What is it?"

"Dynamite."

"This is serious, man," cried Winter angrily. "For heaven's sake quit fooling. We must get the money somehow. What shall we do? M'm. . . . Suddenly he slapped his knee. "I know. Great Scott! the very thing. We'll go the locksmith's."

They went. "Can you send someone round to 23, Talbot Terrace, to open a safe?" asked Fielding.

"Certainly, sir. Have you lost the key?"

"Well, not exactly. But the lady of the house has gone away, and—er—forgotten to leave it."

"Oh! so the lady of the house is not at home? May I ask who you are, sir?"

"We're boarders," replied Fielding, irritably.

"Oh!" (Winter misliked these "Oh's" and squirmed under them, the second one especially). "Well, of course, I would hardly like to take over the job without the lady's permission. You see——"

"But there's some of our money in the safe, and we must have it to-day."

The locksmith examined him closely, to see if he were only green, or whether he was indulging in leg-pulling.

"I'm sorry," he said gruffly, "but, of course, I can't take on the job."

When they were outside the shop:

"Why did you give him our family history, you ass? You didn't go about that in the right way," said Winter.

"It seems not," admitted his friend.

By this time they were on the borders of panic. Their Christmas dinner seemed a mirage.

"Whatever shall we do?" enquired Winter, plaintively. "There's Maxwell, Hughes, and Young. They don't matter so much. But what can we say to Marjorie."

"Oh, it doesn't matter much about Marjorie," said Fielding (Marjorie was his sister). "But there's her two friends, Miss Wemyss, and the other one—Miss What's-her-name—you know. We can't put it off."

They thought in silence for a little time.

"We must get the grub on tick," at last said Fielding, resolutely. "Come on to the caterer's."

"Good idea! But remember," admonished Winter, "the boss is a lady. Ogle her, you gay Lothario, for heaven's sake, ogle her."

"Leave it to me, sonny. My words will come as through bubbling honey," said the poet, cribbing from another.

But they were repulsed. Had they an account with them? the manageress wanted to know.

Well, to speak frankly, they hadn't. "But why not open one?" suggested Fielding, affably.

"What is your business address, please?" she asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact, we haven't any," said the poet, confidentially. "You see, we're—er—authors."

The lady's face assumed an expression of commiseration, but her lips thinned.

"That's done it," thought Winter. "It's all up."

It was. The lady was sorry, but they couldn't give credit for ten pounds without references. It was only business. She would have been only too pleased also, but—

"This is awful!" said the snubbed Lothario, frantically, when they were outside. "Do we look like diddlers, or what? And this is the time of goodwill on earth. Phew!"

"Perhaps Lady Binks has left something in the larder," suggested Winter, as a last resource. "Let's reconnoitre."

From the fastnesses of the larder they unearthed one scraggy chicken, which looked as though it had departed this life through senile decay. Fielding looked at the chicken; then at his friend. There was much that was noble in his look.

Winter also looked at the chicken; then at his friend. He seemed on the verge of collapse.

"Let me quote you from memory," said Mr. Leslie Fielding, in resigned tones. "'My favourite wine is Medoc superieur.' Medoc superieur. Where is it? *And* stuffed turkey, *and* plum-pudding—imagine, Dickie, see the blue flames licking its symmetrical sphere—and the hundred and one things we require to make our dinner a success?"

"We *are* in the soup," assented Dickie, mournfully. He almost wept as he thought of his wrongs. "Surely, surely," he cried, "there's something we can dispose of at uncle's."

"Everything that's worth anything's locked up, except the piano. And I don't fancy carting the piano round the corner."

"Have you no money at all?" bleated Mr. Winter.

"Three and tuppence," said Fielding, counting. "Have you any?"

"One and ninepence. . . . Isn't life the rottenest thing on earth?"

"Ah, Dickie boy," said his friend, sagely, jingling his three and tuppence, "life's only a rotten game when you hold a poor hand. Let us commit hari-kiri."

"Not yet," said Winter, savagely. "Let's go out and borrow some money. If anybody with some won't lend it—by George! we'll commit murder."

Into the cold bleak night they went, and amid the merry crowds that thronged the streets of London town, the stars shone down on two most forlorn and desolate mortals. Think of it! There the beaming mother, laden with parcels, hurried home, escorted by a train of happy youngsters, whose eyes dilated as they pictured the contents of the bags they carried. And one small boy, toddling behind the family, was scared to death by Mr. Winter's avaricious eyes. But beyond that, the only one who seemed to notice them was a little man coming from the poulterer's, who smiled at them.

"Grinning ape!" was Winter's comment.

"Peace on earth, sonny," said Fielding.

Their quest was in vain. Among all their acquaintances none possessed sufficient wealth to minister to their needs, although good men there were who invited them to dine with them the following day.

The bells had long rung the passing of midnight when our gallant heroes at last reached home, dejected and weary, but as they stood in the hall, Fielding suddenly clutched his friend's arm tightly.

"S-s-s-h! Burglars, begad!"

Stealthy footsteps were heard on the stairs, and in the gloom the blur of a man's form was visible.

Even as the burglar saw them, Fielding sprang at his throat, and together they dropped to the floor. The struggle was brief. Mr. Fielding stood up and jerked the burglar to his feet, then hauled him into a room, where Winter lit the gas.

"Well, Santa Claus?" enquired the poet.

"I'm fairly caught," said the man.

"You are."

"I b'lieve it'll mean two years."

"One never knows," admitted the other. "Deliver up your treasures, quick!

Slowly the burglar laid on the table, nine gold coins, some silver, and—a crisp piece of paper, value ten pounds! "That's all, guv'nor, honest!"

Fielding's eyes dilated as he glared at the bank-note; and Winter, his mouth wide open, picked it up, rubbed it, held it to the light, then sank back, listlessly, in his chair.

"Where—where did you get it?" he gasped.

"In the safe."

"How did you open it?"

"The usual way," said the burglar, who evidently meant to give away no professional secrets.

"Heaven be praised!" said Winter, piously.

The Little Man: "Did you take my wife to the Picture Palace last night?"
The Big Man: "Yus, wot about it?"
T.L.M.: "Well, if you do it agin ——" T.B.M.: "Well?"
T.L.M.: "You can keep 'er!"

"Verily," said Mr. Fielding, "God has a use for all His creatures."

"Oh, get it over," groaned the man. "Call a p'liceman."

"M'm. . . . Beat it," commanded Fielding.

"Wh—what?"

"Evaporate—slide—buzz off!"

The man seemed dazed, and could give no utterance to his thoughts, but as he made for the door a half-sovereign was slipped into his hand. Essaying to speak, he could not, but passed out; and they heard him stumbling down the stairs.

The two friends looked at each other silently. Then Mr. Winter laughed hysterically, and danced a brief fandango before he flung a cushion at Mr. Fielding, who dodged, and walked out to the landing.

"I say," he called, as he heard the burglar opening the door.

"Y—, sir."

"A merry Christmas, sonny!"

"You're a sport, sir—by God, you are!"

"When do our esteemed guests arrive?" asked Winter, when Fielding again entered the room.

"Half-past six to-morrow evening—*this* evening, I should say, for it's early morning now."

"Then, to save trouble," said Winter, "I vote we cart them round in taxis to the Holborn Restaurant, and feed them there."

And in due course, they did so. The dinner was a huge success, and when Fielding looked at the faces beaming round him and thought of what might have been—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success," he quoted, suddenly, with withering scorn. "Ba-a-h! Addison was a pessimist."

Eric de Banzie.

'LIETTE.

John Prichard, glancing casually across the roulette table, found his attention arrested by a woman in mulberry-coloured velvet and expensive-looking sable furs, who had paused opposite to him.

With one hand resting lightly upon a chair, she leaned forward from a background of kaleidoscopic animation, her small elegant face tilted piquantly beneath an exceedingly modish hat, an expression of amused curiosity in her long, attractive grey eyes.

At the first glance he knew that she was no stranger to him. Somewhere, at some time, he had seen her before, but where he was unable to decide. She moved away before he had come to any sort of determination, melting into the ever-shifting crowd of men and women who thronged the Casino, and as he watched her go, watched the slow, gliding grace of her supple body, his interest and curiosity intensified.

Moving restlessly in his chair, he fingered the gold pieces that lay in a heap before him and stared thoughtfully away into space. The croupier's monotonous invitation to *faites vos jeux*, the noise of clinking coins being raked in across the green baize, the confused babble of voices around him, all ceased to be of further significance. His interest in the game had evaporated.

Rising abruptly to his feet, he stuffed a quantity of gold and notes into an inner pocket and, quitting the table, wandered about the rooms in search of the lady in mulberry-coloured velvet.

Eventually he found her. She was standing by one of the tall, closely-curtained windows that give out over the bay, her slim figure shown up advantageously against the dull oak of the walls, her long, bare throat rising superbly from a ruffle of fine, ivory-coloured lace.

Apparently she was alone.

John Prichard, watching her from a distance, sought in vain to solve the riddle of her identity; to recall her name, or, failing that, to discover some feasible excuse for speaking to her. Suddenly, with a quick, characteristic gesture, she put up a hand to brush back a tiny spray of hair that had strayed loose over her eyes, and in a flash the mystery was explained. With an exclamation of astonishment, almost of incredulity, he started towards her.

"'Liette—you!"

She turned instantly as he reached her side, her eyes searching his face questioningly. Then she, too, uttered a little, smothered cry of bewilderment.

"Jack!"

"What a surprise! Who would have thought of meeting *you* here?"

"Why not? I thought Monte Carlo was the sort of place where one expects to meet—everyone?"

"Everyone else, yes."

"Why am I excepted?"

"I—er—well, really I don't know. I suppose there *is* no reason. One just feels those sort of things, you know."

He paused, scrutinising her thoughtfully, then he continued:

"By gad, how you have altered! Didn't recognise you at first. Fact."

She smiled.

"Well of course one does alter somewhat in the course of six years. It's a long time, you know. I believe I'm not quite so—so *dowdy* as I used to be? You've altered too. Got quite grey over the temples. By the way, what are you doing here—gambling? When did you come and how long are you staying? It's really awfully interesting meeting like this—after so long." And she smiled again, her white teeth glistening like pearls enfolded in the petals of a red rose, her brows lifted quizzically into a charming arch of interrogation. "Don't you agree with me?"

He hesitated a moment before replying, conscious of a curiously mixed sensation of admiration and bewilderment. Then he said:

"It's too noisy to talk comfortably here. Let's go into the restaurant."

She nodded assent and together they threaded their way through the jostling crowd, passing from one to another of the gorgeously-decorated *salles de jeu*. Eventually finding herself seated before a small, octagonal table in a more or less secluded corner of the long *buffet*, she leaned languidly back in a comfortable wicker chair, loosening the furs about her shoulders, and watched her companion closely from beneath half-closed eyelids.

"Well?" she queried suddenly, a hint of challenge in her low, musical voice.

The man leaned towards her so that his elbows rested upon the table, a freshly-lit cigarette between his lips.

"I was thinking," he said, "what a deuced pretty woman you've grown into. It's wonderful, astounding! I can scarcely believe my own eyes, scarcely believe it's really *you*. How in the world have you managed it?"

She laughed softly, her eyes sparkling coquettishly beneath the drooping brim of her hat.

"I *was* rather a freak in the old days," she admitted, naively. "A regular hobbledehoy, all legs and arms and —and *angles*. I hadn't an idea how to dress. And how atrociously I did my hair! . . . . No wonder you got tired of me!"

"*Got tired of you?* My dear 'Liette, aren't you rather—mis-stating things? It seems to me that it was quite the other way about, that *you* got tired of *me*."

"I suppose it did look rather like that," she agreed, "but of course you couldn't be expected to *understand*. A man never does."

"But—but surely there wasn't anything to understand. The whole thing was so obvious. You couldn't possibly have made things clearer. When a woman deliberately deserts her husband—bolts with another man, as you did—what other inference is possible?

"None, I suppose. But then— are you quite sure of your facts, about my 'bolting with another man' as you put it?"

He stared at her in surprise.

"What are you saying? Of course, I'm sure. Haven't I got proof of it in your own hand-writing, in the letter you left behind you that night—the night you went away?"

The woman sat forward abruptly, her gaze fixed intently upon his.

"But you never discovered who the man was?"

He shrugged his shoulders as he knocked the ash off his cigarette against the edge of the table.

"No, you were too clever for me there."

"Didn't it ever strike you as strange that I should have had a lover of whose existence you had never been conscious, whose name you could not even suggest in the divorce court?"

He grew strangely uneasy beneath the curious intensity of her gaze.

"Are you inferring—do you want me to believe—? But, hang it all, the whole thing was as clear as daylight. I hadn't the slightest difficulty in obtaining a judgment."

"Of course not. I intended that you should not, otherwise why should I have gone to the trouble of—inventing an elopement?"

John Prichard moved abruptly in his chair, and the scraping of the legs on the polished surface of the floor cut sharply in upon the tension of their thoughts.

"I don't know in the least what you're driving at," he said. "If you'd explain it might simplify matters. What do you mean, anyhow?"

"I mean," she replied, speaking slowly as though seeking to give weight to her words, "that there was *no other man*. I left you because I was miserable, wretched, humiliated, not because I was in love with anyone else. Incredible as it must sound to you, I am speaking the truth when I say that I have never in my life loved any man but you."

She paused and looked away over his shoulder, the expression of her eyes grown suddenly tender.

"I suppose I was different from most girls, more romantic, more of an idealist," she continued presently. "When I first knew you—you will remember that I was still in the school-room at the time—I made a sort of idol of you; I worshipped you, thought of you day and night. To me you were the 'perfect man,' the Sir Galahad of my dreams come true. When you paid me the honour of marrying me—Lord alone knows why—it was as though a god had condescended, leaning from his heaven to my earth. I was crazed with joy. It seemed to me that no girl had ever before been permitted so

"Rub 'is feet 'ard, Willie, while I goes for 'elp; I shan't be more than 'arf an hour."

much happiness. . . . . Then, almost before our short honeymoon was over, I began to awaken to the reality of things. I discovered that you did not love me—that you were ashamed of me. Oh, you can't think what that means to a sensitive woman — when a man is ashamed of her! . . . . You began systematically to ignore me, to shut me out of your life, almost to resent the space I occupied in your house. You will never understand the agonies of regret that came to me as I watched my bright Eden fade away into the horizon! At first I rebelled; there were nights when I sobbed myself to sleep—nights when I never slept at all, I was desperately unhappy. . . . Then—pride awoke in me. I determined to leave you. I knew that you would be glad to be rid of me, that you regretted the mistake of our marriage every bit as much as I. . . . I arranged that you should think I had fled with another man, I wished to give you every facility to divorce me, to free yourself from me entirely. . . . Oh the irony of it all when I loved you, loved you wildly, passionately, all the time!"

She ceased speaking and her glance wandered from his face to the wide doors on her left through which the brilliant, heterogeneous crowd swept continuously. Then, "I don't know why I tell you all this," she added.

The man made no answer. He was watching the expression of her long, unusual looking eyes as they travelled from the crowd back to his face, the warm, red curves of her mobile mouth, the glistening waves of her hair dressed low upon the firm white neck. Something, something that differed from, yet was strikingly reminiscent of, the girl he had married held him spell-bound. Was it possible that the splendid creature before him had once been his very own possession; that the shy awkward schoolgirl of seven years ago had developed into the powerfully-attractive and exquisitely-gowned woman who sat facing him in the wicker chair? It seemed impossible and yet—.

He lifted a wine-glass to his lips and looked at her steadily over the rim. Then, sipping it slowly, set it carefully down upon the table.

"What am I to say? What *can* I say," he began helplessly. "You dumbfound me—utterly. It never occurred

to me to doubt that you had left me for a lover. After all I'm only human and it seemed to me—well, the natural thing. I admit that I treated you abominably—I can see that *now*—but I swear to you I never realised it before, never, until this moment, saw your point of view, or understood that there could be any other than that which society unanimously accepted. To offer you an apology seems ridiculous—in face of the tremendous wrong I did you. . . . Tell me, what *can* I do?"

"Do? Why nothing."

"But is there no way of making amends, of proving to you that I—'Liette, you've made me feel a brute—a—Heavens, what a fool I must have been! What a damned fool! I'd give everything, all I possess, to live it all over again; to have my chance of winning your love once more. Why, you're the very woman I've been looking for all my life and I never knew it! To have had such a chance of happiness and to have thrown it away! 'Liette, won't you at least say that you—forgive me?"

She smiled wistfully across at him.

"I wonder why it is that the things we want most, the things that could mean so much to us, always come—*just too late?* she said quietly, a strange glistening in the depths of her eyes, the suspicion of a quiver in the corners of her lips.

The man leant still further towards her over the table and his hand closed firmly over one of her's that rested upon it.

"But *is* it too late?" he demanded, fiercely, a sudden passionate eagerness ringing in his voice. "Why cannot we bury the past, forget it, begin all over again? 'Liette, you're just splendid! You're beautiful, wonderful—the most wonderful woman I've ever known. I never appreciated you, never wanted you when I had you. *I want you now.* Won't you give me another chance, let me redeem the past, teach you to love anew?"

His face was quite close to hers. His breath beat in hot waves upon her cheeks. For a moment she was silent, and a look of unutterable longing, mingled with regret, stole up into her eyes.

"Didn't I say—that it was *too late*, that the, Oh! things, the things we dream about and long for, always come—too late? I suppose there are moments in all our lives when we——".

She broke off suddenly, snatching away her imprisoned hand and drawing herself up stiffly in her chair.

A distinguished-looking French officer in full military uniform was coming towards them through the crowded room, and as she caught sight of him all expression seemed to fade instantly from the woman's features.

A moment later she had risen to her feet and was holding out her hand towards the new-comer who, with a faint ring of clinking spurs, saluted gallantly before her.

"I was really beginning to think that you were never coming, Marcel," she began lightly, in tones of mock reproval. "In your absence I have had the good fortune to encounter an old friend of mine, *un vrai bon ami d'autrefois*," and she waved her hand gracefully towards Prichard, who had also risen. "Allow me to introduce my husband to you, Mr. Prichard. My husband, Count Artémise—Mr. Prichard; Mr. Prichard—my husband." And shaking out her wraps she smoothed them fastidiously over her breast with one small, neatly-gloved hand.

Neither of the men saw the sudden spasm of bitterness that twisted the corners of her mouth as she bent for a moment over a tiny bunch of pale violets fastened into the soft fur of her muff.

Gladys Evelyne.

THE OPTIMIST: By a Pessimist.

LAUGH AND GROW——?

Where are all the stout people? Where is the fat of Jester-year? Risibility is supposed to produce adipose tissue. Yet with all the modern aids to laughter we are becoming a race of skeletons. Musical comedies and racy revues ought to make us a nation of fat men. I was about to add "and women," but in their case it would be calamitous, for I do not see how the dear, sylph-like creatures could possibly climb into modern costume if it also applied to them. If my information is correct—that two garments only are worn, one bifurcated and the other slashed—there is obviously no allowance for bursting seams. "Laugh and grow fat" should be thrown on the heap of scrapped proverbs. While laughter increases our bulk decreases.

In the last century heaviness of body was supposed to indicate lightness of spirit, and jollity was personified as holding his fat shaking sides. Nowadays he holds his rattling ribs, probably to prevent them interrupting the comedian's patter. The Victorian public was reared on tears, waxed fat, and dressed to allow for expansion; the modern public feeds on laughter, grows thin, and dresses accordingly. "Weep and be weighty" is obviously a truer proverb, and the fact of fat being called blubber is proof that this has already been recognised by those brainy men who compile dictionaries.

An echo of the lachrymose reign is afforded by news of the condemnation and consequent demolition of the cottage in which "Little Jim" said he had no pain dear mother now, but oh, he was so dry. Gallons of tears have been shed over this touching poem, and no Sunday School treat was complete without its recital.

Fortunately we have progressed since then. The cult of the dying darling and the anæmic angel has passed away with china dogs and samplers, and no one would wish for its return. Children at that time were constantly reminded of the transience of youth and of the stern battle of life which lay before them, and all ebullience was firmly but gently nipped in the bud. To the "good" child the only proper and perfect thing to do was to die to slow music, with suitable "last words" as a warning or moral lesson to those unfortunate children who were doomed to keep on living.

The Victorian youngster was taught never to be happy unless he were miserable; that is, if he were properly brought up. A few horrible reprobates of boys used to go swimming, but they always came to a violent end, and broke their mothers' hearts—in the schoolbooks. Lachrymose lyrics were the favourite intellectual food for juveniles. "Mother, mother, let me kiss thee," "Empty is the cradle," "Close the shutters, Willie's dead." and so on, could always be sure of a weeping welcome.

Turning from what might be described as the indoor pathetic, there was also a fair collection of tried and trusted outdoor tear-teasers. "Won't you buy my pretty flowers?" appeared to be an easy first, although some preferred to moan dismally of the old house by the lindens, which stood silent in the shade. Whatever the title of the song, however, it always played on the same string. The once-popular, "Please give me a penny, sir!" is under a cloud since the N.S.P.C.C. banished romance by prosecuting shiftless parents for sending out children to weep in the street for imaginary shillings lost in the gutter. The revolt against class distinctions has sounded the knell of another favourite song—"The Children's Home." Children of "high degree" do not now play in the beautiful garden to taunt their wealth before the beggar outside the gate. They run down in father's motor-car for a week-end at Brighton, and the beggar has to get a way-ticket at the workhouse, or have his insurance card stamped.

The Victorian prose stories for children have also lost their old-time influence. With meat at its present price, no one but the child of a millionaire could afford to keep a pet lamb, and the commercial possibilities of such a useful animal (with fleece as white as snow) would naturally not be lost in the mind of a financier's son. The story of "Meddlesome Matty" might still do good, but not, it is to be feared, from a purely moral standpoint; it might serve to make Matty more careful when next she meddled. The cruel schoolboy who dismembered flies when he ought to have been studying hard perhaps now heads a newspaper crusade and advises all and sundry to "Kill that fly." According to the moral stories, he ought to have come to the gallows.

The narrative of the careful boy who picked up a pin, and from that became a bank manager, is also out of date. If any ambitious youth ventured to gather pins in the courtyard of the Bank of England to-day he would most likely be severely cuffed by one of the uniformed attendants and summarily ejected. A modern boy who devoted his leisure to picking up pins would probably blossom into a park-keeper; or an enterprising borough council might recognise his usefulness and send him round the streets with a barrow to pick up stray pieces of paper and other rubbish. In still another direction, he might make a fortune by gathering hairpins every morning in Hyde Park and selling them again. Still another royal road to wealth might be found by making the hairpins into penny wire puzzles. Anyhow, there's the idea and the raw material. I leave the rest to the ingenious reader. Managing banks is not the only lucrative employment, by any means.

Open air, open windows, clean streets, sports, and a broader outlook on life have swept away the last lingering traces of the cult of narrow chests, round shoulders, and drooping lilies. Occasionally some misery-monger attempts to revive the little Willies and little Evas, but never with any measure of success.

No; weepy romance is as dead as the dodo. We cannot afford to subsidise pathetic beggars; and when we are out of sorts we do not lie around and droop. Instead of waiting for a beautiful story-book death, we go out to one of the revues and laugh ourselves better. But we don't get fat.

Herbert Galway.

Nothing is the thing women cry over and men fuss about.

* * *

Beware of a girl who is a peach; peaches have hearts of stone.

* * *

Perhaps babies are so expensive because the stork has such a long bill.

* * *

Many a fellow with a small mouth has a lot of jaw.

WAITS!

HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

Clive Pallaret, coming out of his modest lodgings, beheld a fair figure walking on the other side of the street. She smiled, he smiled—and they walked along on their respective pavements eyeing each other with a mutual adoration.

Pallaret crossed over to her. He had never seen the delightful lady before, but that was an additional reason for getting to know more about her.

"Good afternoon," and he raised his hat.

She looked straight ahead of her with an air of resolution.

"I don't know you. And I think it's a liberty you should come and speak to me."

"Believe me, you looked so awfully jolly I really couldn't resist it. I don't have the opportunity of looking at a beautiful girl every day of my life."

"There's no objection to your looking. But that doesn't give you an excuse to insist on a closer acquaintance."

"By Jove," he said, warming; "you do get the right answer pat!"

"The gift must have been born with me. I've never had any experience before."

"That's just what I noticed about you. That underlying shyness, that hint of unsophistication, which always go with the country girl. By the way, what's your name?"

They halted and looked at each other. Both laughed.

"What's yours?"

"I've several. But you can call me by my real one. You won't believe it anyhow. It's Pallaret."

"Not the Pallaret?"

"The only one I can trust myself to mix with. Not at all a bad sort of chap when you get the right side of him."

"How funny," and she smiled a little mysterious smile.

"You're suggesting now that the name touches springs of memory, that we've met before somewhere or somehow, and that fate's mysterious workings are to be traced in this perfectly harmless but delightful encounter."

"No. I was simply wondering why the name reminded me of sausages."

"Oh . . . Oh, of course! Palethorpes."

"Yes, that was it. How stupid of me." They again smiled at each other, invitingly, mischievously.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Just so far this way as I can stand your company. Then I shall suddenly remember I've an important engagement elsewhere."

"If you keep up this daring frankness, this insouciance, I shall never leave you. You're too fresh for anything."

"True lovers always talk about themselves, don't they?"

"As we're doing."

"Yes."

They went along now in a silence which contented them.

"Do you know," he said sentimentally, "there's a something about you I don't know what it is but there's a Something . . ."

"I've noticed it about you."

"It would be an odd thing, wouldn't it—hardened cynics as we are—if we'd struck the real thing at last."

"It would," and she sighed.

"More marvellous things have happened. But love is always marvellous."

"It's said so," she agreed.

"We must meet again."

"I hope so."

"You *dear* girl!"

"You funny boy."

* * *

She gave him an address on a many-creased, much-bethumbed envelope. No name, but just an address. 44, Dodo Chambers, Chelsea, 4th Floor. She also gave him a key and told him to wait for her if she should happen to be out.

That night, at about ten, he was climbing the stairs. It was a quaint, dark, unconfidential house—of the sort which abound in "arty" centres—with a curious smell, and a naked gas-jet at each turning of the stairs.

He reached the top landing with his heart beating faster in anticipation, and faced three doors—all of them locked, but one of which opened to his key.

Walking into a spacious room, faintly lit with a turned-down shaded lamp, he found himself in a luxuriously appointed studio, a worship of comfort apparent everywhere.

He helped himself to a cigarette from the table and stood whistling, for there was no one visible.

Presently he heard steps mounting the stairs, and a pleased smile overspread his face. The door opened and a man came in. A man with a brown Vandyck beard, in a velvet coat with ill-fitting trousers.

"What the devil ——" he remarked.

Pallaret felt confusion smother him. He merely opened his mouth.

"I ask you, sir, what the devil do you mean by intruding in my rooms?"

"Your rooms?" Pallaret was feverishly thinking.

"Yes, my rooms, I said. And how the devil did you manage to get in? If you don't give a satisfactory explanation I shall send for the police."

"Calm yourself," said Pallaret, chilled by the sinister word. "You shall know all in a minute. You won't be so ready to send for the police, I think, when you've heard all I've said."

The other stared.

"I have come," continued Pallaret, "to denounce you for the scoundrel that you are."

"What!"

"Yes, a scoundrel. Tell me this minute. What have you done with my sister?"

"Your sister? Is the man mad? What the devil should I know about your sister?"

"Prevarications won't help you. Do you mean to stand there and brazenly deny that no girl comes here who has a brother who hasn't a right to be indignant about his sister?"

"I don't know. Say that again. It's hard to follow."

"Preposterous," said Pallaret, clinching the argument.

"You must really be more explicit, my friend. At the present moment I haven't an earthly idea what you're driving at."

"You are an artist, I presume?" said Pallaret, breathing through his nostrils. "You no doubt have models coming up here—girls who trust themselves to you, and whom you can treat as you choose."

"Nonsense!"

"I ask you, then, call to mind the girl whom you have treated most shamefully of the lot. Ask yourself whether it is a surprising thing that her brother should come to take up the cudgels on her behalf—to demand from you some restitution, yes, restitution, for the wrong she has suffered."

An expression of uneasiness appeared on the artist's face.

"Yes, there was someone ——" he murmured—as what man would?—"Do you mean you come from Jessie?"

"Yes, Jessie. Darling Jess. If you'd seen what a dear, sweet, innocent girl she was when she was at school, your callous heart ——" Pallaret's voice was choked with emotion.

"I hardly recognise the description," said the artist drily. "She didn't come to much harm from me. Well, well. So Jessie's come to life again, has she? Poor Jessie—she had no beauty but in her feet. I drew them for months. How much does she want?"

Pallaret shrugged his shoulder deprecatingly.

"That is for you to say."

"I always treated her well, you know—as well as I was able. Morally speaking, she has no proper claim on me. But still I should be sorry to think that she was in straits. Give her this fiver from me, will you?"

Pallaret took it. "You understand," he said grimly. "I would rather give you a thrashing than accept this money?"

"Oh, doubtless." The artist smiled wearily. "Don't bother me again, will you? I shan't be so good-tempered next time."

Pallaret went out.

At the foot of the stairs he met his inamorata of the morning—just coming in. She leaned against the hall-wall to support herself in an attack of giggling.

"You duck!" she said. "To think you should have been taken in!"

"Very nice chap," said Pallaret, contentedly. "Not a bad sort. He pays me six bob a day for sitting, and will always lend you half-a-crown if you're specially hard up. I was just going up for one now."

"You needn't bother—I've better things for you. Come and have some supper. By the way, your name isn't Jessie, is it?"

"No; Bertha ——."

ADAM STERN.

A DAINTY LITTLE CHRISTMAS BOX.

If a girl doesn't begin to take piano lessons until after she puts on long skirts, about the first thing she tackles is a wedding march.

* * *

She is a poor hostess who is always entertaining suspicions.

* * *

It doesn't pay to worry—unless you are drawing a salary for it.

* * *

Every woman thinks she's all right in her way—if it's her own way.

The man who wants the earth gets a lot of mud thrown at him.

* * *

You can't always bring a woman to time by carrying her picture in your watch.

Your opinion is all right in the estimation of others—if you happen to think as they do.

* * *

No, Alonzo, the extreme suffragette doesn't want to be man's equal. She knows that she is and always has been his superior.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Mr. Robins perceptibly slackened his already funereal pace, and halted for about the twentieth time outside No. 19, Severn Street. Here he paused for about thirty seconds, then continued his perambulations. He had walked up and down that short street so many times that local interest had been aroused, and inhabitants were congregated at their front doors, watching him as he wandered hesitatingly along, becoming gradually pigeon-toed in his nervous agitation.

The village policeman had surreptitiously disappeared from his beat to obtain the assistance of the village postman; not that Mr. Robins looked a dangerous character, but, as P.C. 99, who was a cautious man, sagely remarked, "You should never judge a sorsidge by its skin," in which remark there was perhaps more truth than originality.

Mr. Robins neared No. 19 again, set his hat at a slightly rakish angle, and with great trepidation commenced to open the gate. It scrooped discordantly beneath his touch, and he let it slam to quickly with a clang, and was about to steal guiltily away, when he caught sight of the expression on the face of the man next-door-but-one. That settled it—Mr. Robins would allow no man to laugh at him like that, especially a man who was only in possession of one eye.

"Well, 'ere goes!" he muttered, and pulling himself up to the full extent of his five-foot one, and taking a deep breath, Mr. Edwin Robins pushed open the scrooping gate with great determination and knocked timidly at the door.

There was a sound of scuffling and scurrying inside No. 19 which did not tend to brace up Mr. Robins' courage; the door opened about two inches, letting out a staggering odour of stale cooking.

"Wot d'yer want?" said a voice, not particularly full of welcome.

"Can you tell me if this is Mr. Potts' 'ouse?" asked Mr. Robins, in his most winning manner, smiling his most engaging smile at an unresponsive green bull's eye that glared from out the centre of the stained glass panel of the front door.

"I *can*—an' it *is*," replied the voice. "Wot d'yer want?"

"I wanted ter see Mr. Potts—no 'arm meant, jist ter make 'is acquentence."

"Want ter see me? Want—*wot* d'yer say?" The owner of the voice, emerging suddenly from behind the door, proved to be a little fair man with colourless eyes, rounded in astonishment. Mr. Robins was his superior in height by about three inches, and he felt less nervous, especially as Mr. Potts was having a titanic struggle with a knot in the tape that secured a large and greasy apron about his person.

"Yes, why not? I thought I'd like to call and see yer—took a fancy to a young lady, name of Miss Potts—and traced 'er 'ere—"

Mr. Potts became visibly excited, and, breaking the tape, cast the apron into the dimness of the hall beyond, and tip-toed nearer to the younger man.

"Look out! They'll 'ear," he whispered eagerly, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "you be round the corner at six o'clock, an' I'll send 'er to—oh, Lord!" he gasped, as a large figure loomed behind him, and an emphatic hand displaced him inside the door, and put the apron over his head.

"Wot are you doin', whisperin' like a fugitive on the doorstep, 'Enery?" demanded the lady, glaring at Mr. Robins and wrapping her faded and world-weary red dressing-gown more tightly about her ample form.

Mr. Robins' nervousness returned to him, but he was sufficiently collected to raise his hat and bow.

"*Mrs.* Potts, perhaps?" he queried, in a somewhat quavering voice.

"That's me—and no '*perhaps*' about it, young man, as you'll learn if you don't clear off my doorstep. If you're the rent, it's not due till Thursday, an' if you're the gas, I ain't got the money to-day, and I'll thank you ter git yer-[illegible]"

Mr. Potts felt the time had come for him to interfere, so he emerged from his covering, somewhat timorously it must be confessed.

"Ush, ma, the gentleman's come courtin'," he said hurriedly, as if anxious to get the news out before he was extinguished again, "took a fancy to a young lady, name of Miss Potts—traced 'er 'ere——"

Mrs. Potts seemed staggered for a moment, then, with the presence of mind worthy of a general, she seized and swept both her husband and her prospective son-in-law into the dingy hall and closed the front door.

"Wot you was doin' whisperin' there, you poor fool, instead of arskin' the gentleman inside, fair beats me," she said with a withering glance at Mr. Potts, "but come in, do, sir, and don't take no notice of 'Enery Potts, 'e can't 'elp it. Come in, and make yerself at 'ome. Sarah, she's in there. Come along in. Sarah, my dear, this gentleman's come courtin', took a fancy to a young lady, name o' Miss Potts, traced ——"

"Wot's yer name?" interrupted the young lady in question, looking him slowly up and down with two black eyes that had the faintest suspicion of a squint in them.

"Edwin Robins," faltered that gentleman, looking round wildly for some chance of escape.

"Edwin Robins—Mrs. Edwin Robins—h'm! Yes—doesn't sound bad!" and for a fraction of a minute she returned to her occupation of stitching some mysterious intimate garment of pink flannelette. Then she fired a sentence at him like a shot from a pistol. "When d'yer want ter git married?"

Mr. Robins breathed hard; he felt events were moving far too rapidly for him. Besides, there had been a hideous mistake; this gaunt, dark woman, was not the angel of his dreams. He thought regretfully of the fluffy cheeky little bit of sweetstuff he had so confidently expected to see. O Lord!—something must be done quickly. He stammered and hesitated.

"I'm afraid," he began, "there's bin——"

"You needn't be afraid, Edwin," broke in Mrs. Potts' voice encouragingly. "You see, Sarah, she's a bit took aback—beside, she's a great one on business, is Sarah, an' always 'as bin. She wanted ter marry a n'editor, she did. She's wrote lots er things about the sufferagettes—she always was a one for compersishons—it's a fair knock-out why she don't git 'er writings took now—she says it's them rascally readers wot——"

"Ma," interposed Miss Potts, "don't talk round yer 'at! Wot do yer think of women's sufferidge, Edwin?"

"I don't *think* anythin' about it," replied Mr. Robins with some heat. "I don't *'old* with it."

"You will when we're married," retorted Miss Potts severely.

Mr. Robins' ideas on love-making were somewhat hazy, but it occurred to him that something was very seriously wrong about this affair. Looking at Sarah Potts, he was not surprised at her parents being anxious to "get her off," but he felt it rather unfair that he should be trapped into "taking her off," and he began vaguely to wonder whether he would be married and done for before leaving the house again, they seemed to rush things so. A welcome jingle of tea-cups interrupted his gloomy, desperate thoughts, and Mr. Potts appeared in the doorway, carrying a large tea-tray.

"Take care, pa, mind them tea-cups, you won't get no more if you break them," and Miss Potts proceeded to set the table. Mrs. Potts, on her way out of the room, treated Mr. Robins to a benign smile, as if to say, "See what a careful housewife she will make."

Mr. Robins watched her, fascinated, as her capable hands moved deftly amongst the tea-cups and saucers. He noticed that she set for five people, but before he had time to speculate much on the subject, Mrs. Potts came back with the teapot and a plate of hot buns.

"Come along, Edwin," said Mrs. Potts, drawing up her chair, "make yerself at 'ome. 'Ave a bun, pa? Don't drop the butter down yer shirt, yer other one ain't washed yet. Pa's a noosance at meals," she said confidentially to Mr. Robins, "got a h'appetite like a 'orse, and don't stop ter git his things into his mouth properly."

Miss Potts surveyed her prospective bridegroom with a critical eye during this family confidence.

"I'm not partial to men as a rule," she remarked, swallowing, with an effort, a refractory piece of bun, "but you might be useful to me in my kerrear. I speak, you know!"

Mr. Robins tried not to look mystified.

"Do you, indeed?" he said, with an enthusiasm that was somewhat excessive.

"Tub-thumping!" muttered Mr. Potts from the depths of his tea-cup.

His daughter glared at him with indignation.

"I speak at our 'all on the women's sufferidge more-

CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

Cupid: "What more does she expect, I wonder?"

ment," she replied with dignity. "Lots er ladies speak nowadays."

Mr. Robins tried to look politely interested.

"Bally rot!" came from behind the tea-cup. Everyone looked surprised.

"Wot's that you said, pa?"

"I said 'Bally rot,' and I mean it—*Bally* rot!" and Mr. Potts' eyes grew round again, for he was as surprised as anyone at his own temerity.

"Well, I never did, I'm sure! That I never, not in all my born days," said Sarah. "Owdacious ain't the word—you must be going orf yer 'ead, pa. Of all the——"

"'Ere's Polly!" interjected Mrs. Potts, looking up from her occupation of picking the pieces of candied peel out of a bun, as the young lady of Mr. Robins' dreams appeared in the doorway.

"Now then, wot's the row?—Hullo! 'Oo's yer friend?" queried that young lady. "'Ere yer are, pa, 'arf a pint er shrimps fer yer tea."

"Yes, an' don't you go eatin' no 'eads neither," remarked Mrs. Potts severely. "Nice time I 'ad with 'im larst time," she murmured apologetically to Mr. Robins. "Took with pains 'e was—an' the noise 'e made—I put a mustard plarster on 'im—and then 'e made a 'orrid fuss over that, said it burnt 'im. I remember I used a 'ole threepenny packet of mustard on 'im—there's never no pleasin' some folks," she added, with a doleful shake of her head.

"This 'ere's my other daughter, Polly." Then Mrs. Potts had a sudden brain-wave. "Per'aps it was 'er you meant, Edwin, and not Sarah?" she said.

"Hof course," came in Mr. Potts' shrimp-deadened voice. "'Oo'd want ter marry Sarah?"

Mr. Robins blushed and tried to stammer that this was the case, but his glance met that of Miss Sarah Potts, and seeing the gathering wrath in her eyes, his courage failed him.

"Not at all—not at all." He rose from his chair and edged towards the door. "Only too pleased—quite a mistake—see you later—just remembered a man ——," and he disappeared through the door, followed by Mr. Potts.

"'Arf a mo';" came in Sarah's sweetly musical voice, but Mr. Robins did not linger.

"I'm orf, see," he said hurriedly to Mr. Potts, "an' I'm never comin' back no more—can't stand it! Polly *was* the one."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Potts as soothingly as it is possible for a man to speak whose mouth is full of shrimps, "little mistake."

"Send 'er—send *Polly* round—corner—six," gasped Mr. Robins.

"Righto! I say," Mr. Potts tip-toed confidentially and whispered in Mr. Robins' ear. "Didn't I make 'em sit up?"

"Not 'arf," agreed Mr. Robins, smiling at the little man, who seemed to have grown inches.

"'Bally rot,' I said—'*Bally rot*'!" giggled Mr. Potts delightedly from the doorstep.

LEON BELL.

C. N. Hoolcole

"You don't love me, then?"
"No, Charlie,, but I'll be a sister to you."
"A real true sister?"
"Yes."
"Then you might lend me a sovereign."

THE PROCRASTINATOR.

"Good evening," he said, as I opened the door.

"'D ev'ning," I growled, a difficult thing to do.

"A merry Christmas, sir!"

"Is it?"

Jane was away for the day and I had to attend to the door myself. For fifteen chapters the hero had faithfully loved the heroine, as is wont, but in the twenty-first she discovered he had been philandering in the eighteenth; and as her profession was that of a telephone operator I could foresee language. And just when they were warming up to the business, this—this blighter interrupted to tell me it was a merry Christmas!

"Is it?" I demanded savagely.

"I was only hoping you would have one, sir."

"Is it any of your business? Why do you hope I have one? What do you want?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I called—"

"Don't you talk to me like that. I know quite well why you called. Simply because you wish me a merry Christmas you think I should present you with a gratuity. Why? Because it's the custom of the country. Custom of the country, forsooth! Have I no poor relations of my own? Have I no sweet children whom I could more fitly endow? I haven't, as a matter of fact, but how are you to know that?"

"If you'll only allow me to—"

"Allow you to explain. Of course! That you removed a banana skin from my doorstep? That you knew our last slavey? What if you did? Why should I give you even an atom of my hard-earned cash? Who've made Britain what it is? Who are the backbone of the country? Ask Mr. Asquith. Ask Mr. George. They'll tell you. I could tell you myself if you heckled me."

"But you don't understand——"

"You will pardon me, I understand perfectly. I [illegible] someone has the moral courage to question the justice of Christmas boxes you become annoyed. You grow red in the face and wave your arms. And what do I get for it—this? Cold feet. I've got them now. I leave a comfortable chair in front of a cheery fire to argue with you with this confounded draught freezing my legs. I tell you, sir, I will not have pneumonia setting in at my expense."

"If you'd shut up for——"

"I will not shut up. And I will not stand any more of your impertinence. You argue, call me a liar to my face, then demanded a Chris——"

"You did so. I tell you. I've been here for several minutes now, all to no purpose. How do you think I know now what the heroine calls herself? Is she a blonde—a brunette? Does she talk through her nose? I tell you, it's too much and I won't have it. The hero—does he work for a living? What's *his* name? Is he tall? Or short? And is he really heir to the Pitchpoint millions? Honestly, it's too thick!"

"Look here, you——"

"And if I do give you something, you'll drink it. You know you will. Poison yourself slowly with noxious liquors, which means that I'll have contributed to your ruin. You needn't deny it. . . . Here's sixpence, and for goodness sake clear out. I know you'll make a beast of yourself in the nearest bar—you look like a hard drinker—but thank heavens I'll be rid of you."

"I don't want your blasted sixpence, confound you!"

He thrust it back into my hand.

"Then what do you want?" I cried. What—— why, on earth didn't you tell me long ago what you *do* want?"

He loosened his collar, and waved his arms in the air. Then he said calmly:

"I really called to ask if I could put your name down as a subscriber to the Total Abstainers' Union."

FREE OFFER

obtained by sending a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps for each picture required. Please mention picture No. when sending—No. 1, "Signing a Cheque"; No. 2, "Punting"; No. 3, "Motoring"; No. 4, "At the Seaside"; No. 5, "Canoeing"; No. 6, "All that there is between them"; No. 7, "A Christmas Eve"; No. 8, "Puffs"; No. 9, "The Light of His Life"; No. 10, "A Matchless Smoke(r)"; No. 11, "How happy could I be with either" No. 12, "A Study in Red"; No. 13, "Widow's Weeds"; No. 14, "A Legal Solace." To avoid delay please quote Department No. wanted.

This "Rilette" poster will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps (for postage and packing) mentioning picture No. 15. This picture is free of advertising matter, and is printed in colours on art paper in a size suitable for framing. Pictures published previously can also be

YOURS IF YOU GUESS

YOUR husband, your brother, your father—that "someone" whose Christmas you want to make happy—will appreciate no gift more than a box of "De Reszke" Cigarettes.

A hundred "De Reszkes" means a hundred pleasant, happy thoughts of you—a hundred reminders of happy times spent together.

A box of "De Reszkes" meets with a sure welcome from every man, because their name is always associated with the world's finest Cigarettes. The chosen brand of Royalty, they have won approval from connoisseurs whose judgment is unquestionable.

A box of "De Reszke" Cigarettes—what better gift can you think of?

Two Kinds—ONE Quality only—THE BEST.

per 100		per 100		per 100		per 100	
Basso Turkish,	8 3	Tenor Turkish,	6 3	Soprano Turkish,	5 3	American,	5 3
Do. (Gold Tipped)	9 9	Do. (Gold Tipped)	7 9	Do. (Gold Tipped)	6 3	Do. (Gold Tipped)	6 3

Guaranteed 22 ct. gold. Cork tipped at the same prices as gold tipped.

Sold by all Tobacconists and Stores or post free from—

J. MILLHOFF & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 30), 86, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.

"De Reszke"

The Aristocrat of Cigarettes

Ω Ω

Fuller - Advertising Agency

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 32.

The Romance of Lady Anne Luttrell and the Duke of Cumberland.

On the 7th of November, 1771, Horace Walpole "let the cat out of the bag" about a Royal romance in the following epistle to his friend Sir Horace Mann: "The news comes that the Duke of Gloucester is dead (this was an error, as King George III.'s favourite brother lived for some years), but, unfortunate as this event is, what will be your astonishment when I tell you that the very same moment brought to light (at least, as far as the public is concerned), an event that made His Royal Highness's loss almost over-looked. In short, the Duke of Cumberland (as rash and absurd as the Duke of Gloucester was decent, prudent and amiable) went off last Friday the first to Calais, and wrote to the King that he was married to Mrs. Horton, that she was enceinte, and that he had gone with her. You know of no Mrs. Horton but the Duke of Grafton's Mrs. Horton; the Duke of Dorset's Mrs. Horton; and everybody's Mrs. Horton—faith, I do not know whether it would have been as improper a Mrs. Horton as her he has married—and yet this is a woman of virtue! But what will you say to this mad boy, when you learn that his mother was at the point of death at the very moment that he chose for his declaration. All last week it was alleged that she has a cancer of the mouth, and that it was gone into her throat!"

The Enfant Prodigue of the Georgian Royalties.

Thus was burst upon London the news in 1771 of the runaway match of the Earl of Carhampton's lovely daughter and the youngest brother of George III. The Duke of Cumberland had always been the *enfant prodigue* of his family. Already he had been through the Divorce Court on account of his disgraceful seduction of Lady Grosvenor, whom he had thrown off like an old boot when her ruin was complete. The £10,000 which the Court had awarded to Lord Grosvenor had been found by King George and the other brothers of Cumberland, to save him from going to prison. It was hoped that his disreputable affair with Lady Grosvenor would have been a lesson to Cumberland, but he was incapable of learning anything in the way of wisdom. He was already supposed to have had one secret wife, even before Lady Grosvenor crossed his path. This woman's name was Olive Wilmot, and as recently as 1868 another lady named Olive Wilmot claimed her place in the High Court as a Princess of England, on account of her descent from the first Olive Wilmot and the Duke of Cumberland. (The fair claimant did not pursue her action, however, and it would now be interesting to know how she was silenced!) The Grosvenor scandal, of course, caused the Duke of Cumberland to be *non est* in Town for a time, and quite secretly His Royal Highness betook himself to Brighton, which was then the resort of most of the Georgian Royalties.

The Interesting "Widow!"

At Brighton the most notable ladies in society were the three Luttrells, daughters of that Squire Luttrell, who had first become Lord Irnham and then Earl of Carhampton. Lord Carhampton was a renegade, and the story of how he achieved ennoblement is one of the most extraordinary romances of the Peerage. He was, however, a man of tremendous ancestry, and some say he was related to the Luttrells of Dunster Castle in Somersetshire, than whom there is no more illustrious family in the untitled aristocracy of England. Whatever the varied genealogical merits of the English and Irish Luttrells, there can be no doubt that they produced some remarkably beautiful women and some uncommonly bad men! Lord Carhampton was, perhaps, no worse than some of his predecessors. Full of delight in the enjoyment of his new honours, he had gone to Brighton with his pretty twenty-two-year-old daughter, Anne Luttrell. The lady was then doing the "interesting widow," she having just lost her first husband, a Derbyshire squire named Horton, who had been carried off in a fit of delirium tremens!

Horace Walpole's Description of Anne Luttrell.

Anne Luttrell was undoubtedly a great beauty. H[illegible] Walpole says "she was extremely pretty, with the [illegible] amorous eyes in the world, and eyelashes a yard long. Coquette beyond measure, artful as Cleopatra, and completely mistress of all her passions and projects. There is something so bewitching in her languishing eyes, which she can animate to enchantment if she pleases; and her coquetry is so active, so varied, and yet so habitual, that it is difficult not to see through it all, and yet as difficult to resist it. She danced divinely, and had a great deal of wit of the satiric sort." Thus Horace Walpole; and the portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland (as Anne became) which hangs in Buckingham Palace to this day, fully bears out the picture which Horace gives.

King George Furiously Denounces Cumberland's Wife.

Anne Luttrell had been wedded at seventeen, so that by the time she arrived in Brighton as a widow, she was in every sense a "woman of the world," with all her faculties in the zenith of their power. Already she was about to enter upon a new marriage venture with a General Smith, but when she was introduced to the King's scapegrace brother, and perceived the violent effect her beauty produced upon him, the gallant General was given the right-about and the Duke of Cumberland took his place. It was no part of the Duke's programme to marry Anne Luttrell, however. It very soon became Anne's programme that he should marry her, and, being the stronger character, she triumphed. Not to cover the course of the Duke's courting, it is sufficient to say that the couple eventually ran away to Calais, tied the knot, and then wrote to the King to inform him of what they had done.

Britain's Last Un-Royal Princess.

And when King George III. read the note his anger knew no bounds. He there and then took "his Bible oath" that Anne Luttrell should never receive any countenance from him, and that she should remain an outcast as long as she lived. His Majesty, of course, did not know [illegible] was true that only a short time before the other brother, Gloucester, had run off with my Lady Waldegrave, and had been temporarily abandoned by the King. But Cumberland's alliance with Anne Luttrell nearly choked His Majesty with mortification. At once King George III. decided that this should be the last marriage of its kind. His Majesty immediately caused the Royal Marriage Act to proceed through Parliament, so that Anne Luttrell was the last English un-Royal lady to become a Princess of Britain!

King George Tells His Brother to go to Hell!

Cumberland, knowing the keenness of his Royal brother's ire, refused for some time to return to London. But Anne Luttrell was now "Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland," and she was hot upon the enjoyment of her new rank. So she forced her husband to return, and the Duke one day awaited his brother the King in his garden, ready to "face the music." When the King saw him he turned upon Cumberland like a lion gone mad, called him a fool, a blockhead, a nincompoop, and a villain, and swore that never would he tolerate Anne Luttrell in the Court. Cumberland, seeing the state of affairs, asked King [illegible] what he should do. "Go abroad! Go anywhere! [illegible] hell!" replied the King, and forthwith Cumberland went. He had, of course, to force his wife to return with him to Milan, where they awaited the rolling away of the

...gal blood. But Milan was no satisfaction to Anne Luttrell. She and her Duke were already upon "fighting terms." "Of all princesses," she wrote to a friend, "I really think I am the most miserable!" What was more, the King was bent upon upsetting the marriages of his brothers, and he had caused the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chancellor, and the Bishop of London to co-operate with this object. They failed, however, as the marriages were perfectly legal, although Gloucester's wedding had not a single witness. Witnesses are not legally necessary, however, in this country, although it is popularly supposed they are.

The Rivalry between Anne and the Duchess of Gloucester.

After many violent scenes, the Duke of Cumberland arrived back in London, to find that Gloucester's wife, who was the daughter of a Piccadilly sempstress, was not only on the best of terms with King George, but was received with Royal honours at the Drawing Rooms! Needless to say, Anne Luttrell, who was infinitely superior in birth to the Duke of Gloucester's wife, entered into rivalry with her sister-in-law with jealous ardour. But the Duchess of Gloucester would have nothing to do with her. "I would not smell at the same nosegay with her in public!" the Duchess of Gloucester declared, and she kept her word. The Duchess of Cumberland even bent the knee to her sister-in-law to the extent of pleading with the Duchess of Gloucester to appear with her at the Royal opera. But Her Royal Highness of Gloucester had got the right ear of King George, and she meant to keep there. Anne Luttrell, she knew, hadn't a chance. King George had never forgiven his brother the Lady Grosvenor scandal, and his runaway match with Lord Carhampton's daughter "stuck in his throat" to the end of his days.

The Chagrined Duchess Plots the Ruin of King George's Eldest Son.

But if there was no tolerance for the Duchess of Cumberland in St. James's Palace, there were other great circles where she could exercise her undoubted charms. And none was more gifted in the arts of social progress than the one-time Lady Anne Luttrell. The long estrangement of King George and his son, the Prince of Wales (George IV.) had begun, and the Heir Apparent, rebelling against the stern yoke of his sire, had started a court of his own. The Marquess of Rockingham, in hopes of eventual high office, was the Prince's prime toady, and under his banner the Duchess of Cumberland enrolled herself. With her nephew the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness soon became a "hot favourite!" Still in the zenith of her lustrous beauty, her designs upon the impressionable Heir Apparent were quickly successful and she was soon ready to serve her hand and foot. And it was not long before the Duchess stood before the Court as the almost openly-avowed courtesan of the Heir Apparent, while her husband, the young Prince's uncle, became the Prince's mentor in the evils of a "fast life. That the Princess of Cumberland took a sinister delight in thus debauching the eldest son of the King who would have none of her is well-known. But what degree of comfort she derived from this source was soon to be shattered.

The Duchess in Disgrace.

For years now the Duchess of Cumberland and her Royal Duke had lived on the worst possible terms. The Duke, being in love, for a long time remained faithful to his wife, but, with the discovery of her *liaison* with his nephew the Prince of Wales, he went back to the old paths of dissoluteness, and ere long the Duchess was friendless. A Royal bride was found for the Prince of Wales; the King continued to live until over eighty, and the Duke of Cumberland, worn out with the loose life which he lived, died in his prime, and Anne Luttrell at last found herself alone in her glory—a Princess, it is true, and not badly off, but beyond the pale of respectable people, shunned by the prudish, hated by the Royal Family, and shamed by her own sister, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, who had sunk to the lowest depths and brought a once-honoured name into utter contempt.

It happened that the Luttrell ladies' brother, Colonel Luttrell, was the most hated politician in the ranks of the Opposition, and all the gall which his enemies could pour upon him also fell upon the Duchess of Cumberland. Hence Horace Walpole's suggestion, when the Duke of Gloucester lay very ill, that "The Duke had better be out of the way, for he would be teased to death with the politics of the Luttrells!" The Duchess resided for many years at Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Great Park, and she was allowed to keep this house after her husband's death. She died in 1803, leaving a small fortune, and an unsavoury strain on the part of her father, the Earl of Carhampton, against a Miss Lawley, to whom the Duchess was supposed to have bequeathed the major portion of her wealth.

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS MERRY AT HOME.

Entertain your Friends at Billiards.

The Enjoyment Strengthens as it Lengthens.

Send a small first payment of 8/6 to-day—get your table in—and be proficient when Christmas comes.

CHRISTMAS—merry Christmas, with all its festivity and time honoured traditions—will soon be with us. And how to entertain will be a problem occupying the minds of thousands of people now. A[illegible] that can be shared to all with equal enjoyment is what is required. No one must be neglected. The [illegible] Old and young alike must get all must be catered for.

AMUSEMENT THAT NEVER PALLS.

For all round amusement and enjoyment no game can equal billiards. At one time it was considered a rich man's game, but this is not so to-day. It has been brought within the reach of all—brought to the home, whether large or small. And now, within the wholesome confines of the home circle, continuous and never-decreasing amusement can be shared by all. And the

Send P.C. to-day for free Illustrated Catalogue.

ENJOYMENT STRENGTHENS AS ITS LENGTHENS.

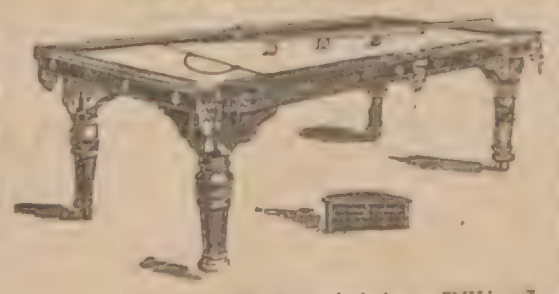
billiard playing stimulates all [illegible] and promotes the proper spirit of good-will and good-fellowship. It also develops accuracy, calculation and concentration in the younger generation, and holds its own against all outside attractions. There is always some new factor to hold the attention—a difficult shot to master—a "break" to [illegible]

PERFECT TABLES FOR EVERY HOME.

Riley's, of Accrington, are now making and placing in thousands of homes, [illegible] tables embodied. It was on a Riley table that George Gray made most of his sensational breaks—and that wonderful wizard of the billiard world, John Roberts, accomplished some of his most famous performances. Every Riley miniature is an [illegible] skill can make it—another [illegible] surpassed, and rarely, if ever, equalled.

Riley's Billiard Table in the drawing room.

MINIATURE TABLE—8/6 DOWN.



Riley's miniature Billiard table placed on dining table.

Riley's of Accrington [illegible] down, and twelve small monthly payments of 8/6 will send carriage paid to any railway station (at their own risk) one of their popular size miniature Billiard Tables, measuring 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. This table will fit any ordinary sized room, yet it is so perfectly proportioned that the best player can enjoy a game upon it.

But supposing for some reason you are not satisfied with your table after seven days' trial, all you have to do is to pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed

FREE OF ALL COST TO YOU.

Of course, no one ever does send back their Table. It always becomes a fixture and a firm favourite right away.

Do not delay. Send a P.O. for 8/6 to-day for [illegible] payment, and you will receive your billiard table (6ft. 4in by 3ft. 4in.), with all accessories within seven days' time. There is no carriage for you to pay, no trouble, no bother, and the second payment not due for another month.

In addition to their Miniature Tables, Riley's have a [illegible] table, the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which can be converted into a large sized Billiard Table by simply removing the top, and fixing the [illegible] of the table. This size can be secured on easy payments, spread over 12 or 18 months

FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full sized Tables and Sundries. Every table is as perfect as modern science and first-class workmanship can make it. Gray's World's Record Break—2,195 [illegible] and Roberts' Record Break of 621 on a "RILEY" are eloquent testimony to the wonderful accuracy of their tables. Send to-day to **E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Levant Works, Accrington.** London Warehouse: 141, Aldermanbury Street, E.C.

KIDLET'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

Laura Beresford leaned over the bannisters and laughed as she tickled Jimmy's ear with a sprig of mistletoe.

"What in the name of all the little saints is the matter with you, Jimmy?" she asked pertly, as he strained back his head to look up at her. "You're as glum as a mute at your own funeral—and Christmas Eve too! Anything up with Rosa? By the way, doesn't she look topping to-night? That old rose velvet suits her a treat. Saw her dancing with Dicky Cobden just now. Does the Tango rather well, don't you think? I say, I'm simply *dying* of thirst. Run and get me an ice or something, there's a dear boy, and we'll sit here and eat it on the stairs."

Jimmy made a grimace which might have been taken to be an exaggerated expression of protest and moved off obediently across the luxuriously appointed hall. Laura continued to lean upon the bannisters. Beating time with the toe of her tiny bronze slipper she hummed softly to the accompaniment of the sensuous Viennese music that floated out to her through the open doors of the ball-room. She was in the act of arranging an artificial cinnamon chrysanthemum at her waist when the stairs behind her creaked suddenly. Some one touched her lightly upon the arm.

She turned to find herself face to face with a tall, aristocratic looking woman, who wore a black evening gown partially concealed beneath a silver-grey cloak. Her hair, dressed rather high upon the head, was silver-grey too, with an almost white splash over the left temple.

"Excuse me," the latter began rather stiffly, as though speaking to someone very much her social inferior, "but am I addressing a person who goes by the name of 'Kidlet'—an actress of the Royalty Theatre?"

The girl stared at her for a moment without replying. Something in the stranger's manner inspired her with instinctive antagonism.

"That's rather vague," she conceded at length with an insolent shrug of her bare shoulders. "P'raps you're right. I'm called so many things you see. But I belong to the Royalty right enough."

"You—know my son, Sir John Fenwick—*Jimmy* I think you called him just now?"

"Oh!" The girl laughed. "So you're Lady Monkton? I was wondering where I'd seen your face before. Yes, Jimmy and I are great pals. He's a peach!"

She watched the thin patrician lips wince sensitively with much secret satisfaction.

"I'm not here to discuss my son's personal qualifications," the older woman proceeded haughtily, "but if you will be so good as to grant me a short interview—just a few minutes—privately, I shall be very much obliged."

"But——!"

Laura was puzzled. Puckering up her brows into a network of tiny lines, she stared curiously at her companion. Then—"Well, why not?" she apostrophised flippantly.

"Don't suppose there's any one in the library—and if it has to be so *very* private——."

She led the way to the top of the stairs and across a landing to the library door. As they entered she switched on the electric light and, turning, faced the other woman.

"Well?"

There was a pronounced interrogative lift of the cleverly pencilled eyebrows, a scornful twist at the corners of the painted mouth.

For a moment the woman in the silver cloak was silent.

"I—understand that it is my son's intention to marry you," she began at length with an abruptness that rather startled the younger woman. "I don't propose to go into details. No doubt he is infatuated with you—imagines himself in love and all that—every young man goes through the same phase. But I am his mother, and I am determined that he shall not commit this folly. Of course we can come to some sort of an arrangement. I am a rich woman and am quite prepared to be generous. You can name your own sum. Shall we say five thousand pounds?"

The girl, who had been staring at her queerly while she spoke, uttered a sudden hysterical little cry and caught at the back of a chair. The other woman, interpreting the exclamation as one of derision, took a quick step towards her, at the same time pulling out a crumpled blank cheque from the satin handbag which she carried.

"Of course you'd be forfeiting a good deal—the social position and all that sort of thing," she went on hurriedly. "Shall we say ten thousand—fifteen?"

The girl did not reply at once. A pulse was throbbing fiercely in her throat; a mist swam dizzily before her eyes.

"Fifteen—thousand—pounds!"

She repeated the words slowly, amazedly and put up a hand to her stabbing temples. Then, becoming conscious of the fixed, anxious gaze of her companion, she pulled herself together with an effort.

"Fifteen thousand pounds! Yes I—I think that will do," she stammered and smiled rather fatuously.

Lady Monkton turned towards a writing desk that stood near.

"Of course, I shall want an agreement in writing by which you promise to give up all claims of marriage with my son," she said icily. "Here is a pen and some paper, I will tell you what to write."

The girl nodded and, taking the pen from her fingers, wrote half a dozen lines to the other's dictation. When she had finished she handed it to Lady Monkton, who read it carefully through, folded it and placed it with the faintest possible smile of triumph back in her bag.

Then she filled in the cheque for £15,000 made payable to Miss Laura Beresford of the Royalty Theatre.

* * *

As the luxurious Limousine sped swiftly onward through the night, Lady Monkton lay back and watched the shadows flit fantastically across her son's handsome profile.

Presently she put out a hand and laid it gently, almost apologetically, upon Jimmy's arm.

"I—I saw *her* to-night," she began hesitatingly, a pleading look in the depths of her melting mother-eyes.

"You mustn't be angry with me, dear. It was for your good, you know. Besides I was right after all; it *was* only your money she wanted. Look!"

She took out the folded slip of paper upon which the actress had written her renunciation and held it towards him. With a quick, startled exclamation he snatched it from her hand and held it up to the light of the electric globe. As he read an expression of puzzled astonishment spread slowly over his features. Then, suddenly, he burst out laughing.

"Oh my giddy aunt! Mater, what *have* you been letting yourself in for?" he gasped, a grin of wicked enjoyment parting the generous curves of his boyish mouth. "This is Laura Beresford's writing. 'Kidlet's' name is Rosa—Rosa Chyne, and she's just the dearest, sweetest little. And you mean to say you gave Laura a cheque for £15,000?"

He leaned back upon the cushions and laughed afresh; then checked himself abruptly and added, "Gad, what a joke. Absolutely the best I've heard for ages! *And what a Christmas-box!*"

UNICE.

He: "So you refuse me! Permit me then to die at your feet."

She: "I see no objection to that; all father said was that you musn't HANG around here."

IN STAGELAND.

I looked in at the Empire to pay my respects to Mr. Oscar Barrett, the new manager, and to see what was going generally. Mr. Barrett is surprisingly young, genial, and capable, and the house's age-old reputation for comfort and unusual facilities for patrons is indeed in safe hands. There is to be a new revue in the New Year produced by Mr. Julian Alfred, and "The Gay Lothario" remains with us over Christmas—and very nice too! Let me recommend those who have seen Fred Emney's "A sister to assist 'er," to be certain not to miss Vernon Watson's marvellous mimicry of Emney's lines. I have never heard anything more incredibly efficient.

* * *

"Titania," most gorgeous of ballets, will be off immediately before or directly after Christmas, as Mme. Lydia Kyasht has to open in New York very early in 1914. This matchless artiste, who, I believe, has never been equalled by any of her fellow Russians in London, come they from Covent Garden, Drury Lane, or the Palace, possesses the all too rare attribute of professional generosity. In enquiring of her recently about little Miss Unity Moore, who is happily fast recovering from her operation for appendicitis, Mme. Kyasht spoke of her as "unspoiléd and clever." Sweetness of nature such as this is almost as rare in the profession as her own talent. This may be the readier believed when we recollect the red-hot jealousy of an extremely highly-rated compatriot of hers which caused a well-known management so much trouble this and last year. There are positively thousands of us who are sincerely sorry that Madame Kyasht will be away from the Empire for such a long time.

Following the lead of "Who's the Lady?" characters in bedroom attire will no doubt be a strong feature of the plays produced in 1914. We can see Sir Herbert Tree in the above pathetic scene——

* * *

At the invitation of Mr. Alfred Butt, I visited the first presentation of Barker's record film of the Victorian era entitled "Sixty Years a Queen." The three separate ladies who played the rôle of Her Majesty Queen Victoria at the three different and uncommonly well-defined periods of her life, and the gentleman who portrayed the Prince Consort, succeeded in conveying a distinct impression of high regal dignity and restraint that was at the very least deserving of adequate recognition on the film and programmes. Could not this be arranged?

* * *

We all know, of course, about that cinematograph censor, but an obstetrical error in this film suggests the advisability of an advisory board of ladies. I wouldn't launch myself into a situation of such delicacy unless it were for the sacred cause of historical accuracy. 1841 sees the first telegraph station opened, and a wire is despatched to Her Majesty, congratulating her on the birth of the Princess Royal. The next film shows us the receipt of the wire by the royal pair immediately after they have disposed of the infant princess to her nurse. Now, a few years' sojourn in a big hospital and surgical training school has taught me the improbability of such a remarkably short period of convalescence unless the historic wire was delayed——very much delayed. The film reaches the very highest limit in excellence of cinematograph production, is exclusively British throughout, and may be seen at the Victoria Palace for matinees only during the Christmas season.

* * *

Messrs. Harry Lauder and Lloyd George have been lunching together. Now, you know, these comedians are really becoming too "cliquey." Although I prefer, as a rule, the society of theatrical lights in rather different walks of life, I cannot help, on this occasion, feeling rather strong, so to speak, at my unwarrantable exclusion from such a cheery, chatty little affair. Surely such an opportunity of handing down to posterity the further *obiter dicta* of

——or Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Vanbrugh in this situation——

two such distinguished limelight humorists should not have been lost to us so irretrievably.

* *

"The Romance of India" will be a gorgeous pageant play at Earls Court when the apparently arbitrary interference of the India Office on religious grounds allow it to get into more active rehearsal. At the moment of going to press we hear that Mr. Caton Woodville, the artist producer, is not likely to be harassed further, so that the Boxing Day opening is comparatively assured.

——and Mr. Lewis Waller in one of his heroic parts.

There will be a prologue and six scenes depicting the most important phases of Indian history and life from a

period when the Aryan civilisation was an accomplished fact, and we were prehistoric savages, to the present-day.

* * *

The repertory being conducted by Mr. Granville Barker and Miss Lillah McCarthy at St. James's Theatre cannot be too highly commended. There has been an earnest attempt to attract the devotees of dramatic art in its most diverse phases. On the whole this repertoire is of such uncommon strength of selection and production that one's understanding is taxed to the utmost in endeavouring to fathom the profundity of intellect, quite apart from the hard work, which will be generally conceded to be essential to the successful presentation of such "highbrow" material as the masterpieces of Shaw, Ibsen and Molière. All this sounds rather like our old friend the intellectual poseur lecturing down at his potential audiences again, à la Hammerstein, with the inevitable result of the non-materialisation of those audiences. No greater mistake could possibly be made, as Mr. Granville Barker and Miss Lillah McCarthy have succeeded in conveying so strong a popular appeal that we should merely succeed in registering a powerful reproach to ourselves if we did not help to make this repertoire an overwhelming success. Fortunately the indications are satisfactorily healthy.

"The Night Hawk" at the Globe is so entitled for the same reason that the Apollo's production some months ago was called "Nightbirds." It deals with the philanderings of a gentleman, who had a predisposition to sleep in the daytime and live by night, with a rural maiden of such profundity of innocence that she is unable to recognise the danger of placing herself under the care of the night hawk when she misses her train back to that incredibly rustic homestead which she has left on excursion to London for the first time. The gentleman is played by Mr. Kenneth Douglas and the girl by Miss Jane Cooper. The scenes alternate between the luxurious surroundings of the young roué and the freshly sweet atmosphere of an English farm. Mr. Douglas's debonair incisiveness is a well-known theatrical factor and his new rôle is as happily played as usual. Miss Jane Cooper is new to the comedy stage and displays one small fault, in a minor degree. She has just a shade over-rated the simplicity of her present part. Nevertheless a new and desirable ingenue is a welcome addition to our personnel just now.

W.R.C.H.

Occasionally a man is so lucky that he gets just what he wants without even wanting it.

To those of our readers who may contemplate entertaining their guests with a private Cinema Show during the festive season, the following useful hints for producing the approximate sounds to accompany the pictures may not be amiss.

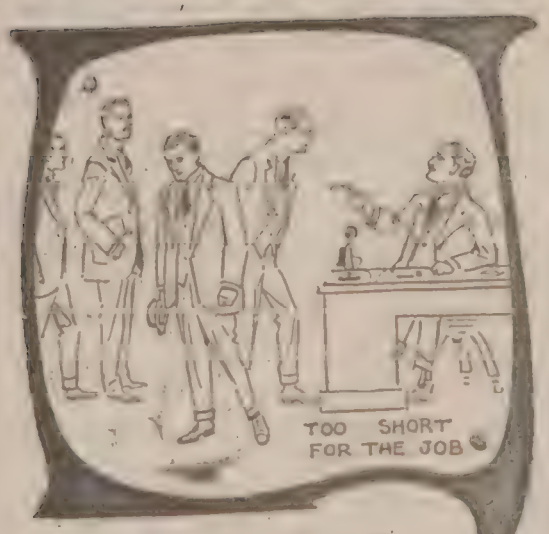
MEN FIGHTING IN ARMOUR, CLASH OF STEEL ETC.—
PROCURE SOME OLD SHEFFIELD OR SILVER PLATED TEA-POTS TROPHIES, ETC., AND BANG SMARTLY WITH A HEAVY POKER

HEAVY CAVALRY CROSSING A SWAMP:—
TAKE THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM ~~BEHIND~~ THE PICTURE, GLUE YOUR LIPS TO HERS AND DRAW AWAY SUDDENLY. REPEAT TILL CAVALRY OUT OF SIGHT.

THE MOANING OF THE SEA ETC.:—
BORROW A GOLD WATCH FROM ONE OF THE GUESTS AND SLOWLY RUB A FILE BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS ON THE OUTER CASE.

INDIAN BATTLE CRIES, WAR WHOOPS, ETC:—
PLACE THE END OF THE CATS TAIL IN THE MANGLE AND GENTLY TURN.
SHOULD THE CAT NOT BE AVAILABLE, THE BABY MAKES A SPARKING SUBSTITUTE.

Increase Your Height 3 ins.



If lack of height is keeping YOU from attaining success in business or sport, do not regard the matter as a drawback which you cannot surmount, but take up my special exercises and increase your height by from two to three inches, as so many others have done.

The letters from students printed on this page furnish conclusive proof that my system can do what I claim for it. I have never met any of these pupils personally, and have given them just the same attention as I give to all my other students. Their full names and addresses will be sent to all inquirers.

My system does not consist of merely straightening you up, but produces real growth.

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill) writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in Height."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all-round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your System I have added approximately three inches to my height."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

W. B. (Kenley) writes: "When I commenced your course my height was 5 feet 2½ inches. I am glad to be able to say that it is now 5 feet 4½ inches. This is all actual increase, as I was very upright before I started your course. As regards general fitness, I must say it has increased marvellously."

R. J. M. (Cwmgwrach) writes: "I am very pleased with the results. I do not think it was a case of straightening me up, because I do not think anyone could be more erect than I am. I was once taken for a deserter from the Army two years before I enlisted, so you can judge from that."

J. M. A. (Belfast) writes: "My health never was better, and I have obtained a splendid all-round development. Even the people that come in and out of the shop say I am getting bigger and looking healthier every day, so I think that is something to be proud of, for before I took up your system it was quite the reverse."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

Your Opportunity.

Your health and general physique will be tremendously improved by my exercises, which will do these things for you at the same time as they increase your height.

Unlike so many exercises, you will not find mine tedious to perform, but will be extremely interested in them, and will take keen pleasure in practising them.

No drugs or appliances of any kind are used, and there is no possibility of overstrain, for the exercises are natural movements, though of a special character.

I do not undertake cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilages are less susceptible to increase, and a disappointed student would be no recommendation to my system.

All my instructions are given by post, and it is just as easy for me to instruct students residing abroad as it is to deal with those in London.

Do Not Delay!

Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for further particulars of my unrivalled system. You need not trouble to write a letter. Just send your name and address to:

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

Dept. M., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.

EMOTIONAL EXTRACTS.

[*With apologies to some of our Contemporary Christmas Numbers.*]

From "A Winter's Idyll" in *Questions.*

Boom! Boom! Boom. Hark, what was that! Jasper Gradgrind drew aside the crimson curtains of his cosy room, and an evil grin flitted across his lined yellow face as he peered through the thick blinding snow that enveloped Dartmoor Downs. A shot rang out——a scream: then silence.

. . . . . .

. . . . . Convict "99" crawled painfully towards the gleaming yellow light, dragging his cruel iron shackles, while the purple life-blood swiftly ebbed from his bosom and stained the pure white snow.

. . . . . But as the warders sprang forward to carry out Jasper's bidding, the crimson curtains were flung aside and Crazy Sam stepped forward, the light of sanity shining in his eyes. "Arrest *that* man," he shrieked, "not this one. He is the scoundrel for whose crime this poor wretch has lain for twelve long weary years in convict garb."

There was a click, and Jasper Gradgrind, baffled and handcuffed, a broken man, was led out through the blinding snow to the gallows."

* * *

From "The Weird of the Banshee," or "The Spectre of Downing Street": from *St. Stephen's Gazette.*

"The wind shrieked shrilly round Downing Castle as Lord George Welsh sat alone before a table groaning under Christmas fare. The food was distasteful to him; the rare fruits had not refreshed, the pheasant stuck in his throat, the Cabinet pudding had not sufficient plums to suit his lordship, and the plum pudding appeared before his weary eyes as a half-mangled wurzel. "Ah, yes," he muttered, "my time is nearly up, *THEY* said they would come, and they will come—to-night." . . .

. . . . . As the last stroke of the clock reverberated through the hall, there was a great sound as of the smashing of glass, ghastly shrieks rang out that curdled the blood, and the old butler, Ashquiff, who had been in the family for years, stumbled into the room, his face as white as his hair. "Oh! me Lord, me Lord—*THEY'VE* come," he moaned . . . . . When Ashquiff stole fearfully into the room at dawn, he gave a terrible cry, for lying huddled-up in one corner of the room was the curly-locked form of his master, covered over with something that had not been there before—an Ulster . . . . . Downing Castle, the "Haunted Castle," as the yokels call it, is now "To Let."

* * *

From "And the Gods Wept" in *Heartache Library.*

. . . . "Forgive me, darling," he whispered, "I have deceived you. I am not an insurance-tax-collector, but the Prince of Patagonia." She hung her head. "And I, too, have a confession to make," she said. "You think me a suffragette leader, but I am not; I am the Panama Princess." Enraptured, they gazed into each other's eyes, then his strong arms enveloped her and drew her under the mistletoe.

"Listen, dear," he murmured, "the church bells are chiming." And outside, in the falling snow, sobbed the music of the "waits."

* * *

From "A Life at Stake," in *Mother's Pets.*

. . . . . Little Truthful James stared at the half-consumed plum-pudding. "No," he said, sadly, popping another plum into his mouth, "that would be naughty; I must leave some, or mummy might be vexed." . . . . Suddenly, his conscience pricked him, and he turned to gaze piteously at the fast-falling snow; spots swam before his eyes, his breath became short, a sharp burning pain gripped him in the small of the back, and he could hardly walk. . . . . After the first box of Dr. Groan's Kidney Pills, however, he became himself again, rejuvenated, with springy step, overflowing with *la joie de vivre.* If you have the same symptoms, don't forget what saved Little Truthful James—Dr. Groan's Kidney Pills, 1/1½ per box (in nickel case, 1/6), to be obtained of all chemists.

* * *

From "Strewth," in *Boys' Own Champion.*

"Christmas in Australia. Ah! how different from that spent a year ago in England." So thought Jack Manly, as he peered across the bush-fire and eyed, amid the freezing snowflakes, the figure of his captive, Black Mike, the bushranger. . . . . Both men shuddered again, as the wail of the rapidly-advancing wolves rent the frozen air. . . . . "Black Mike," snapped Jack, sharply, "I have but one cartridge left, and should the worst come to the worst, I must do my duty, and send a bullet through your head. Now, make the slightest movement," he said, as he swiftly shinned up the gum-tree, "and you are a dead man." From his point of vantage, still covering his captive, he watched all that happened. . . . . The wolf-pack, fully satisfied with its investigation, lazily trotted back to the forest, licking its chops, and left something that glistened white upon the blanket of snow. . . . . When the Sheriff arrived he immediately identified Black Mike, by a crimson ring that hung around a fleshless finger. "A Merry Christmas," he said, as he handed Jack the reward.

"A Merry Christmas," echoed Jack, reverently, as he stuffed the bag of gold into his trouser's pocket. "A Merry Christmas," twittered the snowflakes, as they fell upon the flushed faces of both men. At that moment a crooning wail snaked through the air; Jack threw up his head and sniffed deep, then his face blanched—"The wolves are returning," he gasped, "and there is only one tree."

(*To be continued in our next*).

* * *

From our Special Commissioner, in *The Daily Tale.*

". . . . . Everywhere were happy glances of both old and young; little mites with radiant faces clasped their "dollies" to their breasts, as they toddled through the cosy snow, without which no Christmas would be perfect. . . .

MAURICE LEWIS.

BEFORE THE SHOW.
Amateur Theatricals—The Christmas "Tree."

GROWS HAIR IN FOUR DAYS.

ABSOLUTE PROOF.

£500 GUARANTEE.

To demonstrate to those who have tried various Hair-Specifics that Dr. Kennedy's "H.G." formula actually grows hair, we offer to send an eight-days supply of the Doctor's wonderful hair-forcing fluid with full directions to anyone suffering from dandruff, falling hair, thin hair or baldness, who will write and enclose a six-penny Postal Order or six penny stamps (as guarantee of good faith). The sixpence will be refunded upon termination of trial treatment if desired. Avail yourself at once of this offer, and within a week you will be rewarded by an encouraging growth of new hair. Address your letter and Postal Order to the McAdam Laboratories 272, Wall Hall House, 52, Bedford Street, London, W.C. All applications will be treated as confidential and attended to without delay. Large size bottles, price 4s. 3d., at Boots, Harrod's, and other first-class chemists and stores.

£2 TO £10 WEEKLY

FOR ONE HOUR OF YOUR TIME DAILY.

With an Idea and £2 to Start I Made £5,000 in Two Years.

If you work over a set of books or behind the counter or over a typewriter, or behind a team, or on a tram, or in a factory, or wherever you work, I can show you the real, rapid, reliable route to something a thousand times better. I can show you how to start a business of your own on small capital during your spare time. You can co-operate with me in the mail-order business (selling goods by post,) and can have the business at your own home, and under your own ownership. If you are making £75 or £150 or £300 a year and really want to make £500 or £1,000 or more a year, I can show you how. No matter who you are or what you are doing; no matter how low your salary or how poor your prospects; no matter how disgusted your friends or relatives may think you are—you can at once become the master of your future, master of self-confidence, master of success. You can begin [illegible] in your life, perhaps, to see [illegible] you at every visit of the postman, pouring out your heart, soul, [illegible] Right now I will put the money-making chance of your life within your reach. Without asking you to mortgage your home, without driving a pram, and without Shylock's help, I will [illegible] with £2 and make a profit of £5,000 in two years in the mail-order business. I will myself teach you the real secrets of making money fast and making it steadily, honestly, legally, so that you can look the whole world in the face and never ask your employer where he gets from. My new book entitled "Money-making Opportunities in the Mail Order Business" explains. The book is yours for the asking. No canvasser will be sent, but those who wish to go more carefully [illegible] may write, etc. Address: Hugh McKean, Suite No. 260, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.

A LOVE LETTER "A LA MODE."

Wiverton Hall, Bucks.
November 21st, 1913.

My dear Jack,

Will you come and help Dudley kill birds? That is from Dudley. Jack! come here at once and we will decide how wrong we have been, and form high ideals to live up to in the future while Dudley slaughters the innocent birds by himself! That is from me. By the bye, it seems odd to imagine Dudley *slaughtering* anything. He always gives me the impression of not being able to harm a fly. I have been married to him over a year and he has not once really *genuinely* lost his temper. I have given up trying to make him quarrel. It is a most thankless task! He is awfully good to me—sometimes I think I shall die of ennui. But I have some news! I have just received a terrible shock. Jack, it is deadly dull here—I really began to be afraid I should drift into a state of stagnation.

Our nearest neighbours are the country parson and his wife. His name is the Rev. Thomas Simpkins. He is worthy of it, and exactly suited to his position. Well I grew so desperate that I actually risked a flirtation with the Rev. Thomas. It was not by any means of a highly exciting nature, and I cannot say the gentle Thomas sympathetically responded. But as an experiment it possessed the charm of novelty. I was kept continually wondering how far it was possible for me to get without anything happening. Something did happen. I was rudely awakened. *He took it seriously*—he was becoming most alarmingly stupid. Naturally all my vanity was extremely flattered, but at the same time my conscience pricked me. I felt like a naughty boy who scribbled over the good boy's copy-book when his back was turned. I determined the Rev. Thomas must be put a stop to. An event quickly followed that firmly clinched my determination. The next time we invited his wife to dinner, a previous engagement prevented her acceptance. I did not think much about that, but the following day I was driving out when she passed me with the chilliest of distant bows. For the moment I was staggered—then the explanation flashed upon me and I laughed aloud. William turned round in his seat and Turner nearly pulled up, but although I could see that they were convinced I had suddenly taken leave of my senses, I could not refrain from spontaneous bursts of merriment all the way home.

But this was nothing to what I had still to go through. The next time the Rev. Thomas came my manner was decidedly freezing. Also I had promised to open a bazaar for him, and perform one or two other charitable actions, from all of which I freed myself by the lamest excuses. He took it beautifully but appeared very quiet.

Continued on next page.

Woman's Wrinkles Disappear.

Dr. Josephine Lynn's Discovery Causes Remarkable Transformation in Test Case.

CAMERA TELLS ITS STORY.

The challenge of a prominent American lady residing in Paris has resulted in an extraordinarily [illegible] Mrs. Seveson, the patient in question, had been advised by a friend to write to Dr. Lynn, in reference to her wonderful process for removing wrinkles. She was sceptical from the first, and only wrote to pacify her friend. Finally, after the interchange of some correspondence, Mrs. Seveson flatly challenged Dr. Lynn to prove her claims by removing her (the patient's) wrinkles, at the same time offering a sum of money far in excess of the cost of the treatment. Dr. Lynn, while waiving all financial consideration, promptly accepted the challenge, subject, however, to the condition that a true statement of the actual results be published, together with a photograph taken before the application of the treatment, and another three days later. As anticipated by those who had good cause to know the wonderful action of Dr. Lynn's treatment, this test resulted in a triumphant success for both parties, for whereas Mrs. Seveson came out of the test looking years younger, every vestige or suggestion of facial lines, wrinkles, and blemishes having completely vanished, Dr. Lynn on the other hand once again proved the infallible success of her process. A glance at the photographs "before" and "after" is indisputable ocular proof of its wonderful action.

This is the photograph of Mrs Seveson taken before the application of Dr. Lynn's treatment.

Here is shown the photograph of Mrs. Seveson taken three days after.

In the interest of readers, Dr. Lynn has been prevailed upon to publish particulars of the discovery which worked such wonders in the case of Mrs. Seveson and should any lady seeing this article desire to obtain the coveted secret, she may write and say: 'Dear Dr. Lynn, please send information which will enable me to remove my wrinkles, and regain a youthful complexion."

That is all, and by return of post she will receive full particulars free of charge.

Letters should be addressed to Dr. Josephine Lynn, Suite 12, Queen Anne's Chambers, London, S.W., England. One penny stamp to cover cost of reply should be enclosed.

This discovery means that every woman, no matter her age or facial condition, can now positively rid herself of those dreadful crows, crows' feet, wrinkles, and other disfiguring lines, so fatal to an otherwise attractive face.

Now comes the choice morsel. Jack, prepare yourself for the *pâté de foie gras*.

When I was saying "good-bye" to him he held my hand, and, gazing at the crown of my head, he said in a low voice, "I understand your manner and appreciate the feeling that prompts it. You are right. We must be brave. It is wiser thus!"

Then he left me. For a few minutes I remained dumbfounded and rooted to the spot. Then I went to the piano and played the Dead March in Saul over twice; after that I felt better and threw myself upon the couch and laughed till I cried. Dudley found me there and for a moment I felt tempted to tell him—then I remembered it would be wiser not—so I only said:

"Poor Mr. Simpkins is very funny."

"So he is, darling!" said Dudley, and he threw back his silly old head and roared, and there we both sat and laughed till we were tired.

That is my story, Jack; and the moral is—never make love to country parsons. I am glad you are not a country parson. I prefer Dudley to them. I really admire Dudley exceedingly, but I wish he had not inherited so many traits of respectability from his ancestors Some of them are very trying—family prayers, for instance. By the by, our new footman is extremely good looking—I almost wish I had tried him instead of the parson. But probably he drops his h's.

Au revoir, dearest Jack. Mind you let me have a wire to-morrow to say you will come and *kill the birds*.

Ever your devoted,

Nan.

P.S.—Dudley has given me a beautiful diamond pendant He ordered it from Samuel's, and it has just arrived. He is certainly very charming I really think if he were not my husband I should fall in love with him.

Edith Robarts.

"Sylvia caught." Bending?

* * *

"Bitter London." Bass's Works?

* * *

Why do stockbrokers go to see Dick Whittington? Because *he* rose again!

* * *

A new back-door lock is to be introduced. We understand that the police condemn it!

* * *

Men talk during courtship; women after marriage.

* * *

Often a girl encourages a young man just to keep in practice.

People in the Public Eye.

Weekly Pen Picture No. 18.

ELMER ELLSWORTH KNOWLES.

The subject of this week's sketch will be familiar to our readers as one who has done much to popularise a group of sciences with which the public seem too little familiar. The subjects of Concentration, Mental Development, Personal Influence, Health Culture, Suggestion and Hypnotism have been known to us for some time, but they have been rather neglected owing to the fact that they have seldom been presented in a form that can be readily understood and applied; it is here that Prof. Knowles has chiefly scored, for he has probably done more than anyone else to convince the "man in the street" that here are things of real help and importance. His achievement in demonstrating the practicality and usefulness of these subjects in everyday life, were first exemplified by a great number of highly-successful demonstrations and lectures, and later by a good amount of tutorial work and authorship—many articles and authoritative works having emanated from his pen. In private life he is a good conversationalist, a great reader, enjoys an occasional visit to the theatre, and recognises the necessity of taking a moderate degree of open-air exercise. Outside of these recreations he has few other interests for it appears that the study of psychic problems is at once his work and his pet hobby.

"MIRACLE CURES."

Strange Healing Force Baffles Physicians of Two Continents.

How Thousands are Employing New Curative Treatment Fully Described in Remarkable Book Entitled "Back to Life."

FREE TO THE SICK.

Some truly remarkable cures are being made through Volotherapy, the newly-discovered drugless home treatment. From time to time the Press has given prominence to the existence of this strange curative force, and Mr. Hamilton K. Stanford, the discoverer, whose widely discussed book, "Back to Life," is being sent post free to 5,000 sick and afflicted, now comes forward with some extraordinary reports. Mr. H. S. MacLean, who, through this treatment has completely recovered from an obstinate and long-standing ailment, describes his restoration to health in the following words: "My cure is as astounding as the 'Miracle Cures' at the Grotto of Lourdes and the Shrine of St. Anne." Still another, and equally convincing, report, is that of Mrs. Faschiver, who says: "I would have been in my grave to-day had it not been for the Volotherapy treatment. My ailments all disappeared like magic." These, and other cases in which the cures are described as being equally wonderful, go far toward establishing Volotherapy as a dependable curative agent, covering a variety of maladies. If you are in ill-health, no matter what your ailment or how long standing, no matter your age, or how many treatments you have tried without benefit, send for a copy of "Back to Life" before the edition for free distribution is exhausted. It costs you nothing, it fully describes the wonderful new healing force, and may save you many otherwise miserable days. Address your letter to Mr. Hamilton K. Stanford, Division 3, No. 28, Broadway, Westminster, London. Send no money; the book is absolutely free to the sick. Write your name and address clearly, and simply say: "Please send me a copy of "Back to Life."

HOW TO GET ON THE STAGE.

"Thousands have talent and do not know it."

Free distribution of remarkable book that reveals the real secrets of success on the stage.

The International Dramatic Academy has donated £2,000 for the publication and distribution of a remarkably clever and interesting book which, for the first time in the history of the theatrical profession, fully reveals the inside secrets and workings of stagecraft. The directors of the Academy believe that thousands upon thousands of people of all ages possess talent that is daily being wasted in far less lucrative and undignified callings; and it is with the object of opening opportunities to all who have ambition to go on the stage that this unusual undertaking has been planned

Professor Jean Rosseau, chief of the staff of instructors at the [illegible], declares that it is bashfulness or lack of self-confidence that prevents many from becoming successful performers, notwithstanding that they could easily do so if they would but make a start. He points out that Amateurs can be quickly prepared to play many minor parts that are at present occupying the attention of experienced artistes, and that such a procedure would result in the discovery and development of many a genius who would otherwise go through life in obscurity.

The new book, entitled, "How to Get on the Stage," contains information that will enable anyone to judge whether he or she possesses the necessary inherent qualifications to ensure success. No matter how young or old you may be, no matter what your station in life; no matter how incapable your friends or relatives may think you are, if you are interested in the stage and dramatic art, do not fail to write at once for a copy of "How to Get on the Stage." Write now before the edition for free distribution is exhausted. You will be amazed at the [illegible] of information from "behind the scenes" Critics who have read extracts from the book agree that it is practically "a key to the stage door." Even the artiste with a considerable experience can glean points from this book well worth while

Address your request for free copy to the International Dramatic Academy (Desk 2), 41, Totnill Street, London, S.W., England. Simply say you would like a free copy of "How to Get on the Stage." No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d (stamps in any country accepted) to help defray cost of postage, etc.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Poor Billy Wells! Those who know the Bombardier best, like him best, and after the first feelings of bitterness for the defeat of England, it is impossible not to sympathise with the man who sustained that defeat. To those of us who were present at the National Sporting Club, the situation was most dramatic, and although the fight was probably the shortest on record in a big competition, the events which led up to the final knock-out blow are so engraven on our memories that few would call it a fiasco who saw it.

One fact stands out in bold relief. Wells's peculiar nervous temperament beat him before he went into the ring to meet the Frenchman.

Wells is still champion of England, and still holds the Lonsdale belt, and I shall be very much surprised if we find a man to beat him. We all have our *bête-noirs* in sport; for instance, Jones can give Brown 20 in a 100 at billiards, and win three games out of five; Brown can give Smith a similar start, and secure a preponderance of victories, yet Smith and Jones play level and there's nothing in it. It means that the play of one man upsets the nerves of his opponent, whilst in the other case confidence ensures success.

So it is with the Bombardier. He went into the ring on Monday obsessed with the idea that Carpentier would somehow or other reach that vital soft spot in his anatomy with which nature has somewhat churlishly endowed him. His hands were shaking, and his smile was forced, while they were putting the bandages and gloves on, a fact of which due notice was taken by the young Frenchman.

WELLS HYPNOTISED.

Once the men were facing one another I am convinced that Wells's brain simply refused to control his muscles. He was as one hypnotised, and under the power and control of his stronger-nerved opponent.

Carpentier rushed to the attack full of eagerness and confidence in his ability. Wells saw him coming and his feet seemed glued to the ground. Instead of his left hand going out to meet and ward off the onslaught of Carpentier he dropped it to guard his body. That was the blunder made by Wells; that first fatal loss of nerve control, and after the first clinch he never really rallied. It was pathetic, it was pitiful, it was sad, to see one who we know can use his hands so cleverly as Wells.

Again there was a clinch, and for all the response Wells made to Carpentier's onslaught he might almost as well have been a punching bag. Again they broke and this time Wells's left, in a half-hearted sort of way, did certainly flick the Frenchman's right eye.

THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW.

The next time Carpentier made his panther-like spring in the direction of the Bombardier, he feinted for the body with the left and quick as lightning brought his right round with a terrific smash, just on the angle of Wells's jaw—a couple of inches lower and the Englishman was out to that one smack. He reeled, lost all semblance of guard, and Carpentier, driving in the left with terrific force, hit the Bombardier such a blow on the body as to almost double him up.

The rest might have been done by a light-weight. It was the postman's knock of right left or left right, on the point. Wells tottered, sank at the knees, and went down.

The fateful ten seconds seemed like a minute, but Mr. Zarega, the timekeeper, finally finished the count, and Wells, beaten and battered, demoralised, had lost England the day and the contest, which is bound to become historical.

What a champion! I heard a man say, but the words were not in commendation of Carpentier; they were in derision of his vanquished foeman. It seemed, for the moment, that the classic boxing hall was peopled by Frenchmen, so shrill were their cries of delight and congratulation from all sides. But, after gazing open-mouthed, spell-bound, at the efforts of Wells's seconds to bring him round, the English spectators added their plaudits and made Carpentier's triumph complete.

NO MERCY FOR THE BEATEN.

As I said above, poor Billy Wells! As if the defeat, the overwhelming devastation of his aspirations were not enough bitterness, he was hooted by certain of the spectators, and chidden by even such as ought to have known better. Jim Driscoll, it is said, called Wells a Quitter, in his excitement, and that apparently was the worst blow of all to Wells. It was the first thing he spoke of in his dressing room, and it is probably the thing that he will remember the most to his dying day. Wells has got to do a lot to make good again, but as I have said before, I shall be very much surprised if he does not beat all who challenge him for the coveted Lonsdale belt.

THE 'VARSITY MATCH.

A few hours' sleep after the thrilling incidents at the National Sporting Club had been discussed and re-enacted over and over again, and Queen's Club and the 'Varsity Rugger match. That was a proper game to watch. Cambridge won, as I anticipated they would, and as form certainly suggested, but the score of 13 points to 3 perhaps exaggerated their superiority. For half-an hour the Cambridge forwards overwhelmed the Oxford eight, always got the ball, and then, somehow or other, failed to maintain their superiority. There was, however, always a marked difference between the work of the Light Blue backs and that of their opponents.

While the Cambridge forwards were getting the ball out of the scrum, Cumberlege whipped it back at extraordinary pace to Clem Lewis, the stand-off half, and fast as it came I do not remember seeing the little Welshman fail to take it clearly once.

To my mind the work of Cumberlege and Lewis was the outstanding feature of the match, always excepting just one remarkable incident.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

Maynard, the biggest man on the field, one of the Cambridge forwards, got the ball just in his own half. He went on strongly for twenty yards, found nobody tackled him, and looked round for somebody to pass it to. Apparently disconcerted by finding himself surrounded entirely by Oxford men, he thought it best to go on.

He went on accordingly, and, marvellous to relate, no one seemed to tackle him, and right over the line he ran to score Cambridge's opening try. He must have been two yards inside the touchline when he got the ball. It was on the far side of the field from where I was sitting and, to me, he did not seem to swerve, nor did he appear to be going at any tremendous pace. It was simply bewildering how he got through the Oxford defence.

Quite as long a run was that on the other wing by C. N. Lowe, who scored the second try, but he showed a fine turn of speed, had plenty of room to work in, aud used his swerve to pass Crole. He followed this try up by dropping a fine goal, such as one seldom sees nowadays, and then, with a lead of ten points, something went wrong with Cambridge. Chance after chance was missed by the Oxford backs, either through bad handling or faulty passing, and in this particular Londoun-Shand was the greatest sinner. It was his unlucky day, and he finished it up by being collared, after his best run of the match, and dislocating his collar bone. It is desperately hard lines, for Londoun-Shand missed his Scottish International Cap last year through being crocked.

C. H. MAYO. WHO CAPTAINED A TEAM OF PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS AGAINST THE STAGE LAST THURSDAY.

THE PICK OF THE OXFORD MEN.

Of the Oxford men I liked Williamson at half back as well as most of them. Southee was the best of the three-quarters, being very fast and always getting quickly off the mark. The South African Rhodes Scholar, N. Reid played a fine game at back for the Dark Blues.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

A NEW WORLD'S RECORD WITH "IVORIES."

Red ball play in billiards—so much discussed and criticised in various circles—still holds an irresistible attraction for all followers and lovers of the game. Record runs "off the red" made in prolific profusion with bonzoline balls, have raised the expectations of the public for big things. But it is more difficult to command the "touch" necessary to nurse up a big run with the "ivories." The table must be accurate, perfectly proportioned, and run true to the proverbial "hair-breadth." Last week at Derby, W. Smith, of Darlington, created a new world's record with ivory balls in a break of 524, in which he scored 516 off the red ball. Included in the break were some shots that required the greatest delicacy in touch, but the true running quality of the table enabled perfect execution of any and all strokes. His opponent, E. C. Breed, the well-known Derby player, the following day broke his own record by compiling an excellent all-round break of 526. The table was one of Riley's famous standard makes. This firm, with true Lancashire thoroughness, spare no pains in making their billiard tables perfect in every detail with no "fake to make them run easy." Every table, whether large or small, has these characteristics embodied, and all can be depended upon for true-running and accuracy—qualities that are recognised all over the world, and that link up perfection in billiard tables with the name of Riley's, of Accrington. Get their illustrated catalogue now—sent post free. It contains full details of the famous Standard tables, Combined Dining and Billiard tables, also the marvellous miniature tables that give the same perfect game and that have delighted thousands of families. Send to-day to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Levant Mills, Accrington.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Owing to the deadly dulness of the markets, and to the fact that this is our special Christmas Number, the financial page is omitted from this number.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

F.S.B. (Troutbridge).—Since you seem to delight in being dismal, a wretched New Year to you!

L. L. (Glamorgan).—If you really want a flutter you can't do better than get into communication with White, Fisher and Co., Football Accountants, 5, Rue du Commerce, Geneva, Switzerland.

A. W. (Fulham).—Bow-wow! As it happened, at least thirty people drew attention to the matter before you did. The first man got an acknowledgment—the others got the W.P.B.

C. O. (Grimsby).—The person you enquire after went under long ago. He looked on the wine when it was red, on the ruin when it was blue, on the lady when she was golden about the hair; and now, here is the moral—he's dead.

Miss K. (Manchester).—The story is no use, but the stamp will come in handy.

Bertie (Sheffield).—We have had other letters complaining about the firm of football accountants you mention. Why not try a straight firm, White, Fisher and Co., of 5, Rue du Commerce, Geneva, for instance?

B. P. (Clapham).—Another bard swooped down on that topic. Yours wasn't much of a swoop, anyhow.

A McG. (Sheffield).—We absolutely decline to have our leg pulled. If you are as bad as that at the age of 20, then heaven help you when you are 50.

Fair Play (Chichester).—Sorry you have been offended. M.L. is a non-party paper, and consequently is prepared to criticise either party freely if occasion should arise. You should not be thin-skinned if your own party comes under the flail occasionally, but anyhow that won't be often, as we soon get very tired of party politics.

A. K. (Bradford).—Yes, we believe White, Fisher and Co., of Geneva, do run a football sweep, but the curious laws of this country prevent us from giving you any particulars.

J. B. H. (Darwen).—Story too unpleasant in its ending. Besides, these pierr't yarns are very much overdone, though often not at all well done Send stamped envelope if you wish story returned.

P. J. (Hull).—No; it's not good enough for publication. In fact the W.P.B. only accepted it under protest.

M. C (Portsmouth).—Thanks for hymn of praise. We were just longing for an excuse to go out and have a drink.

START THE NEW YEAR WITH

£208

A YEAR FOR LIFE.

£4 a week for life is what we are offering in connection with our Fifth Football Competition. On the back page of this issue is one of our football competition coupons containing a list of twenty matches to be played on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, 1914. One of these correctly filled in will carry off our "**£4 a week for life**" prize. In addition, we offer 10s. a week for twelve months to the nearest correct, and 5s. a week for twelve months to the newsagent whose name and address appear on the coupon which is successful in securing our first prize.

The coupon will also appear in our issues dated December 27, and January 3rd, 1914.

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

CLOSING DATE:—

(First Post) FRIDAY, JAN. 2nd.

Further particulars on back page.

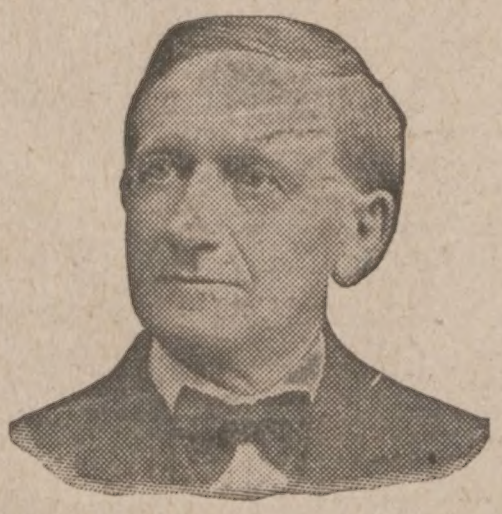
A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent on Trial to Prove It.

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience We have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women, and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day, and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing the Appliance, and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no loss.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the coupon below and post to-day. It is well worth your time, whether you try the Appliance or not.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience his since benefitted thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Every Ruptured Person Should Know of Your Appliance.

Llangan Villa, near Whitland, Carmar.

I am pleased to say that my husband is quite cured of his rupture since wearing your Appliance. He has left off wearing it now, and feels all right. I have strongly recommended them to many, and feel that every ruptured person should know of your Appliance, and the good it has done after suffering with worthless trusses. We would be pleased to answer any questions to anyone enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

(Mrs.) D. WILLIAMS.

Trusses were no Earthly Use.

High Street, Seal, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

I should like to say that I find great comfort in wearing your Appliance. I never thought I should have been able to take up my occupation as blacksmith again. Trusses were no earthly use to me, and caused me great pain, but now I can go to my work with ease, and feel quite safe. I shall always take great pleasure in recommending your wonderful Appliance to those I come in contact with suffering from hernia. THOS. COLLISON.

Can do my Work with Ease

Ashley Grange, Belshill, Lanarkshire.

Having worn your Appliance for fourteen months, I think it my duty to acknowledge that it has given great satisfaction. It causes no pain or inconvenience, and I would not be without it. I can do my work with ease. I must thank you for the kindness and straightforward manner you dealt with me. Shall do all in my power to recommend you to friends around me who suffer from rupture. You can make what use you like of my letter, and I shall only be too pleased to answer any letters from those who would like to know about the Appliance.

A. BROWN.

I Have no Pain Whatever.

Hungate End Farm, Hanslope, Stony Stratford, Bucks.

I received Appliance five months ago, and am pleased to say that since wearing it I have had no pain whatever, which is wonderful after having suffered for years. You can make what use you like of this letter. P. TUCKER.

A Cheap and Infallible Remedy.

69, Oxford Road, Macclesfield.

C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—After a year's wearing of your famous Rupture Appliance, can find no words to express my admiration of such an excellent invention and the benefit I have derived from its use. All you claim for it in your book, and all that your clients have said in its favour in their printed testimonials, I can fully bear out and confirm from personal experience. I am sure that hundreds of your Appliances would be instantly ordered if the unfortunate sufferers only knew of its existence. For my part, I feel that you deserve the universal gratitude of mankind for inventing such a cheap and infallible remedy for so widespread a complaint, and you are perfectly free to make what use you please of what I say in this letter.

Yours faithfully,
ELLEN JARRETT.

People say a Miracle Has Taken Place.

15, Brook Street, Hay, Hereford.

Mr. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—I am more than thankful to tell you that, during the five weeks my sister has been wearing the Appliance, she has had no pain whatever, and she is now able to go for walks. On Good Friday she walked out to the cemetery, which is out of the town, where she had not been for twelve years. She also sleeps and eats well, and is altogether a different person—people say a miracle has taken place. We both feel we cannot find words to express our thanks to you for your Appliance. Please use this letter if you wish. I shall do all I can to recommend your Appliance wherever possible, as it gives the greatest ease and comfort.

I am, yours very truly,
(Signed) NURSE M. PARMEE.

Doctor said it was Extraordinary.

Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs,

I am pleased to say that Appliance requires no renewal or alteration, for it has done its work, and has been put away, in hope that it may not be required again. I went to see my doctor last night, and he would not believe it until he had seen it, and he said it was extraordinary. This cure has been in spite of a chronic cough, which always seemed to be right on the bowel, and made a cure seem impossible. You may use my testimonial, but only under nom-de-plume.

A MIDLAND PARSON.
(Name given on application).

8-weeks-old Baby Perfectly Cured.

27, New Street, Lichfield, Staffs.

I now take great pleasure in thanking you for the Appliance, as it has been a perfect cure for my little boy. He was only eight weeks old when I tried the Appliance, and is now perfectly cured at six months. I shall certainly recommend your Appliance as being a perfect cure. Thanking you greatly for what you have done for me.

Mrs. SMITH.

Perfectly Cured at 74.

Jubilee Homes, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks

To Mr. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—I, Henry Salter, have much pleasure in saying that I am perfectly satisfied with the Rupture Appliance. You are welcome to use my name where the British flag flies, and all other nations on the face of the globe. Dear sir, I cannot thank you enough for relieving my suffering. I shall recommend you to any of my friends. I am pleased to say it is a permanent cure.— I remain, yours obediently,

HENRY SALTER.

P.S.—My age is 74 years; perfectly cured.

TEN REASONS WHY.

You Should Send for the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in common trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and the prices are so reasonable, the terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon to-day.

Worth a Thousand Trusses.

Chesham, Bucks.

I am very pleased with the Appliance which I purchased at your office some time ago. I must say it is worth a thousand trusses, and shall be very pleased to recommend it to anyone whenever the opportunity occurs. J. H.,

REMEMBER.

We send the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day.

If in London, call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

Brooks Appliance Co.,
811, BANK BUILDINGS,
KINGSWAY
(Corner of Portugal Street),
LONDON, W.C.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper illustrated book and full information about The Brooks Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

(Please write plainly).

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

The success of the Newmarket December Bloodstock Sales must have been decidedly encouraging to English breeders, as all previous records were swept from the board, when during the five days the 713 lots sold brought in the huge sum of 306,658 gns. This amount eclipses the previous record of last year by no less a sum than 68,111 gns. Continental buyers attended in large numbers, and they played a big part in the huge success attending the proceedings. In fact, a foreigner in the person of M. Mantascheff, a wealthy Russian oil magnate, provided the most striking feature of the week by his spirited bidding for the horses that took his fancy. Altogether M. Mantascheff's purchases numbered twenty-five, and the total sum he paid was 47,510 gns. Blood mares chiefly attracted his attention, but he also purchased some foals from the Duke of Devonshire's lot. It is M. Mantascheff's intention to race in both England and France, but it is generally expected that he will pay most attention to the game in France. I do not intend going into details of the sensational prices recorded at the sales, but a record figure for a foal is worthy of note, Mr. H. E. Morris, of Shanghai, paying 3,100 gns. for the bay colt by Bayardo—Cheshire Cat, an amount that easily eclipses all previous figures for a foal.

Although bloodstock and flat racers so frequently bring big prices, it is somewhat uncommon for a steeplechaser to be sold for as much as 2,000 gns., the figure which was paid the other day on behalf of Sir George Bullough for the five-year-old Ilston. Ilston is undoubtedly a very smart horse. He has won several races, but perhaps his best performance was when, carrying 11st., he finished fifth behind Ballyhackle and other cracks in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase recently.

The air of mystery surrounding the well-being of the crack youngster of the year, The Tetrarch, shows no sign of clearing. There is enormous public interest in the welfare of the colt, and it is worthy of note that Mr. John Coleman, the Epsom veterinary surgeon, has recently paid a visit to Stockbridge, presumably to examine the son of Roi Herode. It is to be sincerely hoped that there is nothing wrong with the colt, who is perhaps the most popular performer of the day, for the public dearly love a good horse.

There was a most exciting incident at Nottingham on the concluding day of that meeting. Simon the Lepper, an odds-on favourite, in the Slow and Sure Steeplechase, fell when six furlongs had been covered. His three opponents soon acquired a long lead, but the favourite's jockey, Ivor Anthony, re-mounted, and riding with admirable judgment, overhauled his opponents, and won by half a length amid much cheering. It was a great riding feat on the part of Anthony, but it does not say a great deal for the merits of the other horses.

There is not now a great deal of racing before Christmas, and we have one blank day next week, Thursday being without a fixture. Plumpton opens the week on Monday, Derby occupies Tuesday and Wednesday, and Hurst Park provides the sport on Friday and Saturday.

At Plumpton on Monday Violet Charlesworth should score in the Ovingdean Handicap Steeplechase, Bunch o' Keys in the Sussex Handicap Hurdle, Sentry in the Hassocks Handicap Steeplechase, and Mind the Step in the Punch Bowl Selling Hurdle.

Pat McCarthy may win the Elvaston Steeplechase at Derby on Tuesday, Lord Rivers the Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase, and General Picton the Three-Year-Old Hurdle. On the second day the Belper Steeplechase may fall to Howth Park, the Derby Welter Flat Race to Ben-a-Beg, and the Osmaston Selling Hurdle to Bright Park.

On the opening day of the Hurst Park Meeting Rory O'Moore may secure the Park Steeplechase, Ante the Wolseley Selling Steeplechase, and Mirleton the Palace Selling Hurdle. On Saturday Thelma's Amulet will win the Surbiton Selling Hurdle, Doubtful Boy the Priory Selling Steeplechase, and Dalnaspidal the Hampton Handicap Steeplechase.

"Does Kelly lose much time drinking?"

"No; but he loses a lot of time waiting for somebody to ask him!"

THE MAN WHO HAS MADE AMERICAN BRIDGE WORK FAMOUS IN LONDON.

Gerrard 4642. Gerrard 4642.

THE PROGRESS OF DENTAL SURGERY

DR. GOLDBERG (U.S.A.), the Dental authority whose **bridge work** has been such a success in London, attends at his Surgery, 435, Strand, W.C. (next door to Gatti's Restaurant), from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., is regarded as one of the leading experts on that important branch of Dentistry, **American Crown Bar and Bridge Work.** The days of the old-fashioned dentistry, like old-fashioned surgery, are over. It is the day of the **modern man,** the **dawn** of a new **Era** for those who from innumerable causes, sometimes **constitutional,** lose their **teeth** and possess what is known as an imperfect mouth. By Dr. Goldberg's Painless System of Dentistry, and by his skilful manipulation of the mouth, he is able, as he has so frequently proved, to scientifically transform the mouth from cavities of pain and unsightliness to a thing of natural beauty. The extensive Practice he has built up in London, especially among Dramatic, Operatic and Vaudeville professions, clearly proves the masterful proficiency he has attained in this, one of the most difficult branches of Dental surgery—Crown Bar and Bridge Work. Hitherto Dr. G.'s extensive practice has been attending members of the theatrical profession, to whom their appearance is so great a part of their livelihood, but in view of the number of consultations he has had from the **general public** he has decided to extend his practice to this branch. He is, moreover, prepared to accept

MODERATE AND INCLUSIVE FEES,

consistent with that proficiency which has always characterised his work, which will be within the reach of all those desirous of possessing a perfect **mouth** which is **essential** to **perfect health** and **physical beauty.** Consultation Daily between 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., at

435, STRAND, W.C.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Bond Street still holds its supremacy for mode. I saw there a few days ago a typical Bond Street buck wearing a completely new tie. It was in the Polo shape, that is, twice round the neck with broad folds in front, and made of black and white shepherd's plaid. Bond Street boots, suit and hat are required with such a tie.

* * *

The editorial look-out for novelties in men's outward wear necessitated by the necessity to keep Outer Man thoroughly up to date, has its difficulties and dangers. I was walking along Coventry Street, which my London readers will know is in the thoroughfare from Leicester Square to Piccadilly Circus, which a Metropolitan magistrate described as the worst acre in Europe, and halted my step to view three men who might have been either ragtime artists or oil magnates from Omaha.

* * *

They were shiny, gorgeous, and beautiful to a degree, and I wished to note the details of the general effect, but the three gentlemen objected to my close inspection of them and wanted to know what the —— I was gaping at. Some little diplomacy on my part and a passing policeman relieved the tension of the situation, but I mention the fact to show my Editor the risks his contributor runs, in case he should think of increasing my monthly honorarium.

* * *

A careful housewife, mother of a family of five healthy and stirring boys, gives me a tip on the using of blue serge. She, like many men, finds that the serge becomes shiny at parts, long before actual wear necessitates discarding the garment or garments.

* * *

According to my fair informant, a cure for this trouble is to sponge the part with "blue" water; by this I mean water well coloured with Reckitt's Blue. It sounds likely. Some of my readers might try it, and report upon the result. If it is effective, it is a wrinkle which thousands would be glad to avail themselves of.

* * *

Apropos of this, I may say that there are serges which will not go shiny. If the quality of wool is good and the yarn not too tightly spun, the cloth will not develop this fault. This, however, means money and the very cheap serge is not always a profitable investment.

* * *

A lady writes in the *Nineteenth Century* suggesting that gloves should be sold in threes, two right-hand ones to each left. There is something in this, although the brand new right glove would look somewhat askance upon its left hand, half-worn, neighbour.

* * *

There is another argument in favour of three gloves which will appeal more to men than to women. The right-hand glove is taken off to get 'bus fare or for one of half-a-dozen other reasons, the glove is stuck carelessly into the pocket and is lost, then the pair is done for, and quite possibly a perfectly new pair at that.

* * *

These ideas come to me from the fact that I picked up recently on the top of a Putney 'bus the right-hand of a valuable pair of fur-lined gloves, quite new, with no sign of wear, and I imagine the loser will endorse the "gloves in threes" theory.

* * *

The users of fountain pens are now legion, and most of these carry their pen in the top waistcoat pocket. The pen makers supply a leather holder which is fastened with a safety pin to the waistcoat. The nuisance of this arrangement lies in the undoing of this safety pin each time the vest is changed.

* * *

My tip is have a few stitches of thread put into the top of the pocket about half-an-inch from the front, and this makes an effective holder for the pen. If you remember to ask for it, the tailor will do this. If you are a married man your wife will do it, and if you are a bachelor you can do it with a long pin.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in MODERN LIFE are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their peril.

The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAMOPHONE. 20-guinea handsome, hornless, inlaid Sheraton cabinet, height 4ft., record cupboard, completely enclosed, on wheels; purchased April; with records, £5 10s. Approval willingly.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London.

Moustaches Forced on smothest face. Trial supply, 7d. Immediate results. Particulars, 1d. stamp.—Spa Chemical (138) Co., 19, Bride Lane, London.

Develop Your Will-Power, Concentration, and Memory by "The St. Settef Course." *Modern Life* says: "We cordially recommend this admirable system." Complete Course (four lessons), 2s. 6d. Particulars free. The St. Settef Institute (Dept. M), Perth, N.B.

EVERY SMOKER would save money by writing for our Liberal Introductory Packages Free. Empire Tobaccos, 10, South Street, London.

Let us send one for you PACKED PLAIN as an XMAS GIFT.

In Polished 6-ply Oak. 5/9 Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post. 11lbs. **Extra Heavy Press** to take 6 pair in 8-ply Oak, heavily nickel-plated fittings, **8/6** carriage paid, weight 14lbs.

WE SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK **Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel pressbars as shown.** Full length. Take 4 pairs, **Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval.** Post dated Cheque or Money Order can be sent for approval. Send for Illustrated List Free. **A superior shaped Coat Hanger, 6d. extra, if bought with Press.**

SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co. (H. CLIPSON, Manager).
66, BALHAM HILL, LONDON, S.W.
HALF-GUINEA TIE PRESSERS AND STRETCHERS, 4/6 each, carriage paid.

VISITING CARDS.

NAME, ADDRESS, ETC., NEATLY PRINTED,

100 1/- Post Free.

AINSWORTHS', Alfred St., BLACKPOOL.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

(44th Edition, 1913).

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

MadameMaude's
PAPER PATTERNS.

Famous Paris Models.

1d. each.

You can obtain these patterns from your newsagent, or we shall be pleased to forward catalogue on receipt of penny stamp.

Publishers, MADAME MAUDE'S PAPER PATTERNS,
29, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

A New Year's Gift! £208 a Year for LIFE.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, 1914, and for the first prize of £4 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £208 a year for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

Conditions Governing the Competition.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 5 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £208 a year for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 5.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN	v.	ASTON VILLA
BOLTON	v.	MANCHESTER UNITED
BRADFORD CITY	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH
CHELSEA	v.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC
EVERTON	v.	NEWCASTLE
SUNDERLAND	v.	LIVERPOOL
WEST BROMWICH	v.	PRESTON
BLACKPOOL	v.	BARNSLEY
CLAPTON	v.	GLOSSOP
GRIMSBY	v.	LEICESTER
LINCOLN CITY	v.	BURY
NOTTS FOREST	v.	HULL
WOOLWICH	v.	WOLVES
HUDDERSFIELD	v.	FULHAM
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	MILLWALL
MERTHYR	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS
PLYMOUTH	v.	SWINDON
READING	v.	EXETER CITY
WEST HAM	v.	BRISTOL ROVERS
WATFORD	v.	BRIGHTON

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

For 40 years Mr. HUGO, the most SUCCESSFUL LANGUAGE SPECIALIST living, has been teaching Languages, and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. This course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. HUGO'S SELF-TUITION COURSE gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time, and enables even those entirely ignorant of French, German, or Spanish to form hundreds of real live sentences from the first lesson.

Would you like to speak, read, write, and understand

French, German or Spanish?

It is so easy by

HUGO'S 1914 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2/6 Monthly for One Year. 2/6

Or 27/- payable in advance, each language.

FOR THIS 30/- YOU AT PRESENT GET:

1.—Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons sent post free in weekly booklets. 2.—A collection of copyright practice-tables. 3.—Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally, or by post. 4.—A Set of Hugo's unequalled Text-books. The total value of these extra books and lessons is upwards of 15s. Particulars on application. Write for full prospectus. Specimen lesson also sent free if "Modern Life" is mentioned. Address for Self-Tuition enquiries, 33, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

French, German or Spanish Taught in 24 Lessons IN HUGO'S CONVERSATIONAL CLASSES.

EVENING.—French or German, 1s. per week, payable quarterly, books included.
DAY OR EVENING.—Special Classes limited to 5 members. French German, Spanish, or Italian. 1s. 6d. per week, payable quarterly, books included. Competent Native Teachers only.
PRIVATE LESSONS from 3s. an hour, according to number of lessons taken.

Hugo's Language Institute (Established 40 Years.) 64 & 66, OXFORD St., W. 33, GRACECHURCH St., E.C. 205, Earl's Court Rd., S.W.

Printed and Published by Bowerman's Press, Ltd., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d.; to be sent to MODERN LIFE Subscription Department, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Sole Agents for Colonies: Gordon and Gotch, London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa: The Central News Agency.